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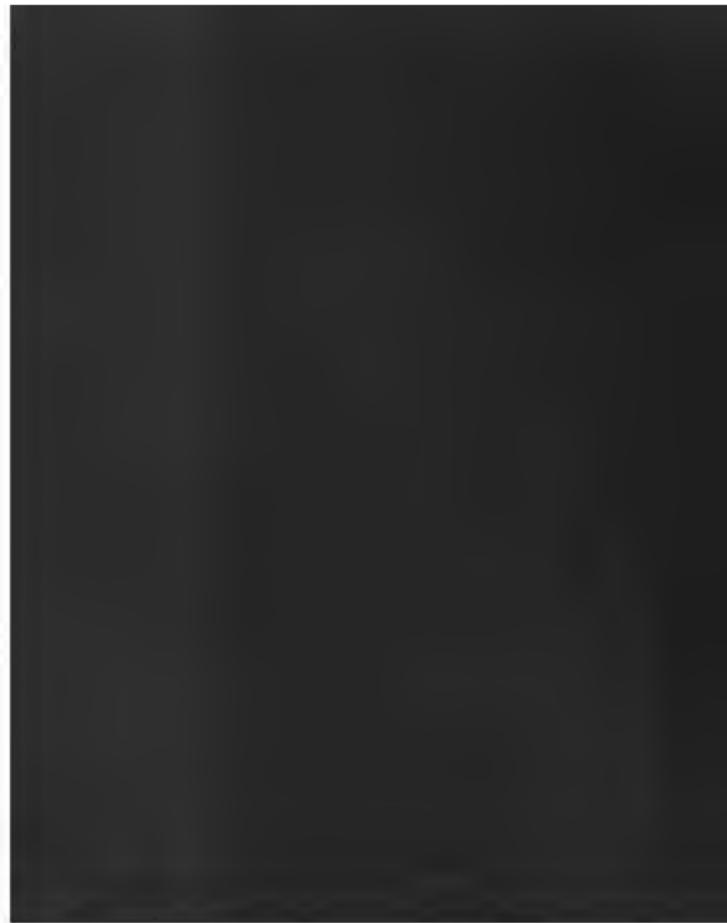
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**THE
NEW MITRE-HYMNAL.**

RIVINGTONS

London *Waterloo Place*
Oxford *High Street*
Cambridge *Trinity Street*

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THE
NEW MITRE-HYMNAL

ADAPTED TO

THE SERVICES

OF THE

CHURCH OF ENGLAND

"Sing ye praises with understanding."



RIVINGTONS
London, Oxford, and Cambridge
MDCCCLXXV

117

1. 2. 3.

P R E F A C E.

THERE are in the English language about one hundred hymns of the highest merit—hymns animated by a noble devotion, full of true poetic feeling and expression, and patient of an exact and complete criticism. A considerable proportion of these will be found in the following selection; other hymns of less worth being included in it because they were necessary to the plan of the book. The hymns have, in general, been chosen from modern writers only: not because the Editor fails to appreciate the spiritual insight and devotional feeling, or the antithetical and epigrammatical neatness of mediæval authors, but because translations from them, however clever as scholarly exercises, are almost always incapable, by reason of their foreign tone and style, of winning for themselves a permanently useful place in the English Church. Indeed, it is not possible with hymns, as it is possible with prayers, to transfer them satisfactorily from one age and one language to another age and another language.

GOD ; but with the example of the
before us, we may surely make free
; which give utterance to the passi
of the human heart, and of those w
beauties of nature, or some striking
story. In the following pages there w
found specimens of all three kinds of
portion being, it is believed, preserved

sitings of living authors and of author
& are here given as exactly as possi
s of authors of less genius or culture &
orm which appeared best to the Ed
able to admit that a poet has a sa
right in either imperfect rhyme, i
rong accentuation, ungrammatical phra

it. Two hymns being, however, insufficient for the requirements of most churches, a Table of at least four hymns for each Sunday, exclusive of Sacramental and Morning and Evening hymns, is given; and a careful examination of it will, it is hoped, prove that the end in view, namely, the harmony of the hymns with the rest of the Service for the day, has been fairly well attained. Another Table of the Contents of the book is also appended, so that there may be no difficulty in selecting a hymn or hymns for any particular occasion.

The Editor desires gratefully to acknowledge the courtesy and liberality with which the under-named authors and proprietors of copyright hymns have placed their compositions at his disposal:—**Mrs. ALEXANDER**, the Rev. S. BARING-GOULD, the Rev. R. H. BAYNES, the Rev. Sir HENRY BAKER, the Rev. E. CASWALL, BENJAMIN GOUGH, Esq., the Rev. Dr. IRONS, the Rev. W. W. HOW, Mrs. MAUDE, the Rev. Dr. MONSELL, the representatives of the late Rev. J. M. NEALE, Messrs. NOVELLO & Co., the Rev. E. H. PLUMPTRE, Miss CHARLOTTE SELLON, DEAN STANLEY, the Rev. S. J. STONE, the Rev. ORBY SHIPLEY, W. WELLS GARDNER, Esq., BISHOP WORDSWORTH, and BISHOP WOODFORD. To BENJAMIN GOUGH, Esq., and

should have accidentally published a
h permission ought to have been pa-
d, the Editor trusts that the same pa-
as, in his own case, already granted to
the principal modern Hymnals, will be
elf.

a larger edition of this work, with t
hymns comprised in this volume, are
two hundred tunes, selected with grea
these three principles constantly in view
nn-tune must be melodious; 2nd. Th
es must be solid and good; and 3rd.
ass must not be too great for ordinary
tune be merely melodious, its popula
short-lived; if it be merely remarka
ness of its harmonies, it appeals to ed

- - - - -

LANGRAN, Esq., Organist of All-hallows, Tottenham, to whom the Editor is indebted for many very graceful original compositions; as also for some happy adaptations from German sources. Beyond this, it is believed that a new mine of musical wealth has been opened by the introduction of not a few tunes from the Chorale Book of the Church in Norway. These tunes have all the solidity of the best German Chorales, but are more melodious than they, and possess a distinct character of their own. That they are admirably adapted for congregational singing no one can doubt who has listened to them in Bergen or Christiania.

For permission to print tunes which have already appeared, the Editor is indebted to—

HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY THE QUEEN.

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PREFACE.

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LINDSAY SLOPER, Esq.; and

E. H. THORNE, Esq., formerly Organist of Chichester Cathedral.

That this work may recommend itself to those who are careful for the sense of what they sing, and may conduce to the worthy performance of the Service of Praise to Almighty God, are the wishes with which it is offered to the English Church.

THE EDITOR.

S. Paul's Cathedral, Advent, 1874.

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

Morning Hymns	1, 3, 5, 7, 9, 11, 13.	Trinity Sunday	97, 98, 99, 16 64, 18
Evening Hymns	2, 4, 6, 8, 10, 12, 14.	Holy Communion	167, 168, 16 170, 171, 172, 173, 174, 175, 17
Advent Hymns	15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 44, 46, 121, 143, 144, 146.	Baptism	177, 178, 10 108, 134, 15
Christmas Hymns	23, 24, 25, 26, 30, 31, 32, 88, 138, 154.	Confirmation....	179, 180, 15 148, 93, 9
Epiphany Hymns	34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 42, 44, 45, 46.	Matrimony	181, 182.
Lenten Hymns	53, 54, 55, 56, 59, 61, 103, 110, 111, 117, 190.	Ember Days....	108, 113, 122, 15
Passion Hymns	63, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 127, 133, 173, 175, 200.	Missions	185, 186, 88, 9
Easter Hymns ..	75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 91, 92, 141, 201.	Burial of the Dead	183, 184, 74, 16
Ascension Hymns	89, 90, 91, 92, 129, 138, 141, 157.	Harvest Thanksgiving	189, 19 191, 19
Whitsuntide Hymns	93, 94, 95, 96, 107, 114, 125, 179, 185.	For Schools	195, 196.
		Almsgiving	100, 123.
		Hospitals	135, 100, 123.
		National Humiliation	198, 131.
		National Thanksgiving	197, 138.
		Old and New Year	193, 194, 147.
		Church Dedication	187, 188.
		Processional	201, 202.

A special Hymn is provided for each Saint's Day and Holy Day throughout the Year.

HYMNS FOR GENERAL USE.

15, 28, 35, 38, 39, 43, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 51, 52, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 64, 69, 80, 81, 82, 84, 85, 86, 87, 91, 92, 93, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 101, 102, 103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 118, 119, 120, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 132, 133, 134, 136, 138, 139, 141, 142, 145, 148, 150, 151, 153, 155, 157, 161, 161 173, 175, 179, 180.

... Morning, Evening, and Sacra-

in. in Advent	15, 16, 46, 44.	1st Sun. aft. Ti
" "	17, 18, 143, 146.	2nd "
" "	19, 20, 122,	3rd "
	158.	
" "	21, 22, 158, 17.	4th "
mas Day	.. 23, 24, 25, 26,	5th "
	30, 31, 32, 138, 88.	6th "
ft. Christmas	23, 24, 25, 26,	
	30, 31, 32, 138, 88.	
1. aft. Epiph.	35, 36, 34, 40.	
" "	37, 45, 42, 38.	
" "	39, 40, 35, 148.	
" "	41, 83, 135, 42.	
" "	43, 101, 44, 144.	
" "	45, 46, 21, 22.	
resina 47, 48, 151, 162.	9th "
sima 49, 50, 61, 103.	
agesima	.. 51, 52, 67, 113.	10th "
day in Lent	53, 54, 55, 56.	11th "
" "	110, 57, 111, 58.	12th "
" "	59, 60, 115, 117.	13th "
" "	61, 62, 142, 145.	
" "	63, 64, 127, 133.	
t bef. East.	65, 66, 68, 195.	14th "
iday 67, 69, 70, 71,	15th "
	72, 73, 199, 200.	16th "
ay 201, 75, 76, 77,	
	78, 79, 141.	
aft. Easter	75, 76, 77, 78.	17th "
	80, 201.	18th "
"	81, 82, 122, 60	

H Y M N S

ADAPTED TO THE

Services of the Church of England.

EVENING—MORNING.

Evening.

2 “*Abide with us; for it is toward evening, and the day is far spent.*”

A BIDE with me, fast falls the eventide ;
The darkness deepens; LORD, with me abide ;
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me.

Swift to its close ebbs out life’s little day ;
Earth’s joys grow dim, its glories pass away ;
Change and decay in all around I see ;
O Thou, Who changest not, abide with me.

I need Thy presence ev’ry passing hour ;
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter’s power ?
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be ?
Through cloud and sunshine, LORD, abide with me.

I fear no foe with Thee at hand to bless ;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness ;
Where is Death’s sting ? where, Grave, thy victory ?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.

Hold Thou Thy Cross before my closing eyes ;
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies ;
Heaven’s morning breaks, and earth’s vain shadows
In life, in death, O LORD abide with me. [flee ;

H. F. Lyte, 1847.

Morning.

3 “*His compassions fail not: they are new every morning.*”

O TIMELY happy, timely wise,
Hearts that with rising morn arise ;
Eyes that the beam celestial view,
Which evermore makes all things new !

(3)

EVENING—MORNING.

Evening.

4 “*Let the lifting up of my hands be an evening sacrifice.*”

GOD, Who madest earth and heaven,
Darkness and light ;
Who the day for toil hast given,
For rest the night ;
May Thine angel-guards defend us,
Slumber sweet Thy mercy send us,
Holy thoughts from Thee attend us,
This livelong night.

Guard us waking, guard us sleeping,
And, when we die,
May we in Thy mighty keeping
All peaceful lie :
When the last dread call shall wake us,
Do not Thou, O GOD, forsake us,
But to reign in glory take us
With Thee on high.

Bp. Heber, 1827. Second Stanza by Abb. R. Whately.

Morning.

5 “*O God, Thou art my God: early will I seek Thee.*”

AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run ;
Shake off dull sloth, and early rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

Redeem thy mis-spent moments past,
And live this day as if thy last ;
Thy talents to improve take care,
For the great day thyself prepare.

**Awake, lift up thyself, my hear
And with the angels bear thy |
Who all night long unwearied
High glory to th' Eternal KING**

**All praise to Thee, Who safe h
And hast refreshed me whilst I
Grant, LORD, when I from dea
I may of endless life partake.**

**LORD, I my vows to Thee rene
Disperse my sins as morning d
Guard my first springs of thoug
And with Thyself my spirit fill.**

**Direct, control, suggest this day
All I design, or do, or say ;
That all my powers with all the
In Thy sole glory may unite.**

**Praise GOD, from Whom all ble
Praise Him, all creatures here b
Praise Him above, ye heavenly
Praise FATHER, SON, and HOLY**

EVENING.

Forgive me, LORD, for Thy dear SON,
The ill that I this day have done ;
That with the world, myself, and Thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed !
Teach me to die, that so I may
With joy behold the judgment day !

O may my soul on Thee repose ;
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close ;
Sleep, that may me more vig'rous make
To serve my GOD when I awake !

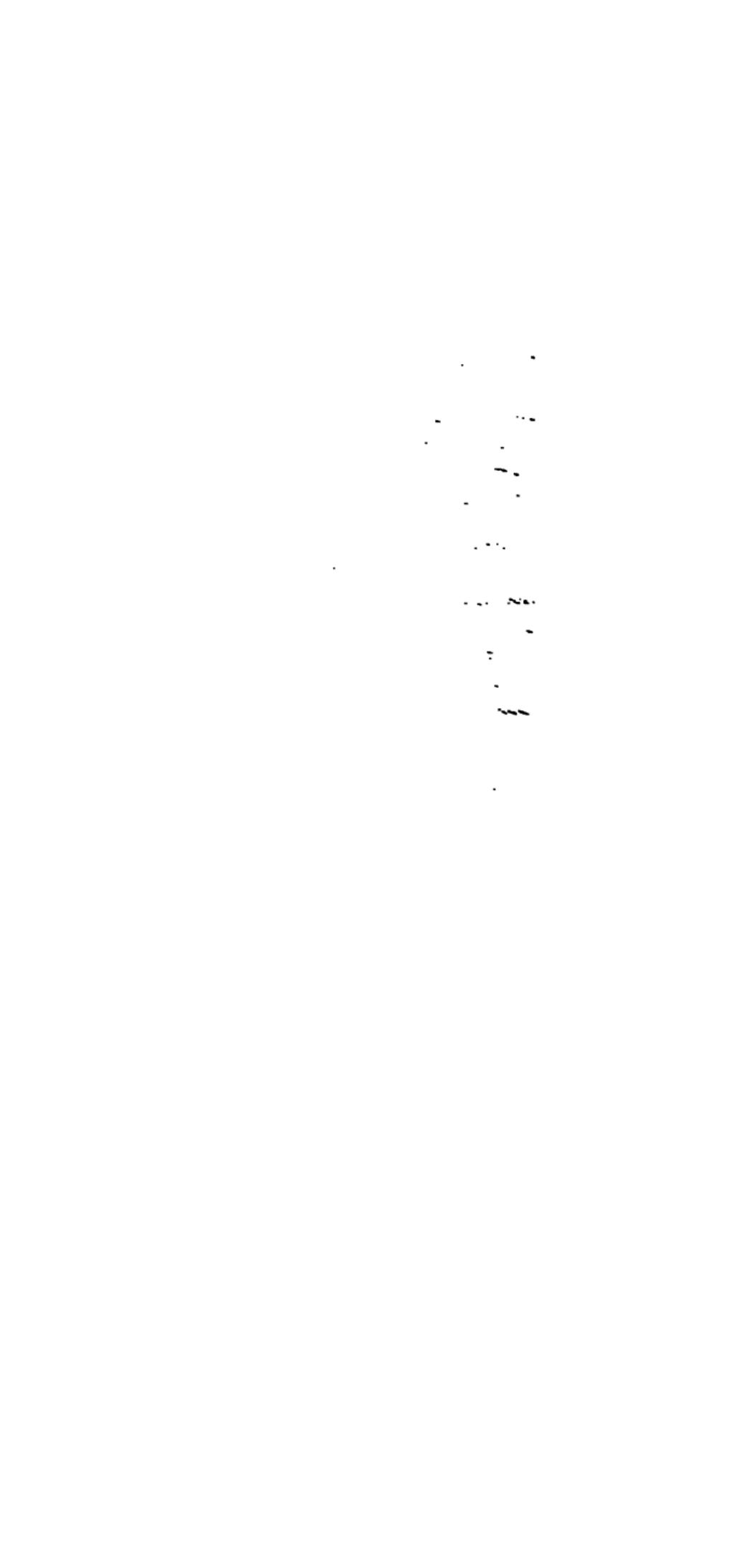
O when shall I, in endless day,
For ever chase dark sleep away,
And hymns with the supernal quire
Incessant sing, and never tire ?

O may my guardian, while I sleep,
Close to my bed his vigils keep ;
His love angelical instil ;
Stop all the avenues of ill :

May he celestial joy rehearse,
And thought to thought with me converse ;
Or in my stead, the whole night long,
Sing to my GOD a grateful song !

Praise GOD, from Whom all blessings flow ;
Praise Him, all creatures here below !—
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host !
Praise FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST !

Variation from Bishop Thomas Ken, 1700



EVENING.

Evening.

8 “Under the shadow of Thy wings will I rejoice.”

HEAR my prayer, O heavenly FATHER,
Ere I lay me down to sleep :
Bid Thine angels, pure and holy,
Round my bed their vigil keep.
Great my sins are, but Thy mercy
Far outweighs them every one ;
Down before Thy cross I cast them,
Trusting in Thy help alone.

Keep me, through this night of peril,
Underneath its boundless shade ;
Take me to Thy rest, I pray Thee,
When my pilgrimage is made !
None shall measure out Thy patience
By the span of human thought ;
None shall bound the tender mercies
Which Thy Holy SON hath wrought.

Pardon all my past transgressions ;
Give me strength for days to come ;
Guide and guard me with Thy blessing,
Till Thine angels bid me home !
Home of rest and peace unending,
Whither turns my longing heart,
Home from whence thro' all the ages
Never more shall I depart !

Harriett Parr, 1856. Last four lines by W. J. H., 1857.

— Spar'd to see another day
Help us, humbly we implore To
Worthily to praise and pray
Worldly cares and thoughts die
In our hearts Thy SPIRIT dwelt
Teach us rightly to adore Thee
Learn Thy will, and keep Thee

Hear, O LORD, our full confess
When to Thee we lift our eyes
Pardon speak for each transgression
To our suppliant souls draw near
Thy pure word our hearts direct
Thy good grace our steps protect
Through the SAVIOUR'S intercession
All we need, O LORD, supply

Worship, honour, glory, blessing
LORD, we offer to Thy name
Young and old, Thy praise express

EVENING.

Evening.

8 “Under the shadow of Thy wings will I rejoice.”

HEAR my prayer, O heavenly FATHER,
Ere I lay me down to sleep :
Bid Thine angels, pure and holy,
Round my bed their vigil keep.
Great my sins are, but Thy mercy
Far outweighs them every one ;
Down before Thy cross I cast them,
Trusting in Thy help alone.

Keep me, through this night of peril,
Underneath its boundless shade ;
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Guide and guard me with Thy blessing,
Till Thine angels bid me home !
Home of rest and peace unending,
Whither turns my longing heart,
Home from whence thro’ all the ages
Never more shall I depart !

Harriett Parr, 1856. Last four lines by W. J. H., 1873.

MORNING.

Morning.

God said, Let there be light, and there was light."

NEW morning lifts her dewy veil,
With new-born blessings crowned ;
haste we then her light to hail
In courts of holy ground.

it CHRIST, triumphant o'er the grave,
Shines more divinely bright ;
sing we then His power to save,
And walk we in His light.

hen from the darkest shades of night
Sprang forth the world so fair,
rayed in brilliant robes of light,
What Power Divine was there !

hen He, Who gave His guiltless SON
A guilty world to spare,
stored to life the HOLY ONE,
What Love Divine was there !

hen, fresh from its CREATOR'S hand,

EVENING.

Evening.

10 "Unto the godly there ariseth up light in the darkness."

SUN of my soul, Thou SAVIOUR dear,
It is not night if Thou be near ;
O may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes !

When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
For ever on my SAVIOUR'S breast.

Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live ;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

If some poor wandering child of Thine
Have spurned to-day the voice divine,
Now, LORD, the gracious work begin :
Let him no more lie down in sin.

Watch by the sick : enrich the poor
With blessings from Thy boundless store ;
Be every mourner's sleep to night,
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take ;
Till in the ocean of Thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

Praise GOD from Whom all blessings flow ;
Praise Him, all creatures here below !—
Praise Him above, angelic host !
Praise FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST.

John Keble, 1800

MORNING.

Morning.

"While I live will I praise the Lord."

HAIL, thou bright and sacred morn,
Risen with gladness in thy beams !
Light, which not of earth is born,
From thy dawn in glory streams :
Airs of heaven are breath'd around
And each place is holy ground.

SAVIOUR ! Who this day didst break
The dark prison of the tomb ;
Bid my slumbering soul awake,
Shine through all its sin and gloom :
Let me, from my bonds set free,
Rise from sin, and live to Thee !

Blessed SPIRIT ! Comforter !
Sent this day from CHRIST on high ;
LORD, on me Thy gifts confer,
Cleanse, illumine, sanctify !
All Thine influence shed abroad,
Lead me to the truth of GOD !

Soon too soon the sweet repose

EVENING.

Evening.

2 “*O praise the Lord with me ; and let us magnify His Name together.”*

LORD of my life, Whose tender care
Hath led me on till now,
Here lowly at the hour of prayer
Before Thy throne I bow ;
I bless Thy gracious hand, and pray
Forgiveness for another day.

Oh ! may I daily, hourly, strive
In heavenly grace to grow ;
To Thee and to Thy glory live,
Dead else to all below ;
Tread in the path my SAVIOUR trod,
Though thorny, yet the path to GOD !

With prayer my humble praise I bring
For mercies day by day ;
LORD, teach my heart Thy love to sing,
LORD, teach me how to pray !
All that I have, I am, to Thee
I offer through eternity !

Anon., 1853.

rs are open unto me

Thee I seek, protecting Power,
my vain wishes still'd ;
his consecrated hour
tter thoughts be fill'd :
the power of thought bestow'd ,
e my thoughts would soar ;
y o'er my life hath flow'd ;
mercy I adore.

event of life, how clear
iling hand I see !
essing to my soul more dear,
se bestow'd by Thee.
joy that crowns my days ;
ry pain I bear ;
rt shall find delight in praise,
eek relief in prayer.

...ness lights the happy hour,

EVENING.

Evening.

14 “*The Lord is my light and my salvation.*”

THROUGH the day Thy love hath spared us :
Now we lay us down to rest ;
Through the silent watches guard us !
Let no foe our peace molest !
JESUS, Thou our Guardian be !
Sweet it is to trust in Thee.

Pilgrims here on earth, and strangers ;
Dwelling in the midst of foes :
Us and ours preserve from dangers,
In Thine arms may we repose !
And, when life's sad day is past,
Rest with Thee in heaven at last !

THREE in ONE ! let all adore Thee,
Saints on earth, and saints in heaven ;
Every creature bow before Thee,
Who hast all their being given ;
Praise to Thee from shore to shore,
Praise to Thee for evermore !

Thomas Kelly, 1808

HOSANNA to the living LORD !
Hosanna to th' Incarnate Word !
CHRIST, CREATOR, SAVIOUR, KING,
earth, let Heaven, Hosanna sing.
Hosanna ! LORD ! Hosanna in the high

Iosanna," LORD, Thine angels cry ;
Iosanna," LORD, Thy saints reply .
ove, beneath us, and around,
e dead and living swell the sound.
Hosanna ! LORD ! Hosanna in the high

SAVIOUR, with protecting care
ide in this Thy house of prayer ;
sembled in Thy sacred Name,
here Thy parting promise claim.
Hosanna ! LORD ! Hosanna in the high

., chiefest, in our cleansed breast,
ERNAL, bid Thy SPIRIT rest ;
d make our secret soul to be
temple pure, and worthy Thee.
Hosanna ! LORD ! Hosanna in the high

IN ADVENT.

16 “*Blessed is He that cometh in the Name of the Lord.*”—
THE GOSPEL.

HARK, the glad sound ! the SAVIOUR comes,
The SAVIOUR promised long !
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.

He comes, the prisoner to release,
In Satan’s bondage held ;
The gates of brass before Him break,
The iron fetters yield.

He comes, from darkening scales of vice
To clear the inward sight ;
And on the eye-balls of the blind
To pour celestial light.

He comes to bind the broken heart,
To make the wounded whole ;
To preach glad tidings to the meek,
And bless the humble soul.

Our glad Hosannas, PRINCE of PEACE,
Thine Advent shall proclaim ;
And heaven’s eternal arches ring
With Thy most holy Name.

To FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,
The GOD Whom we adore ;
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

Variation from Philip Doddridge, 1755.

! He comes, with clouds descending,
Once for favour'd sinners slain :
sand thousand saints attending,
ell the triumph of His train :

Hallelujah ! Amen.

eye shall now behold Him
b'd in dreadful majesty ;
who set at nought and sold Him,
erc'd and nail'd Him to the tree,
ly wailing, shall the true MESSIAH s

redemption, long expected !
e His solemn pomp to share,
His saints, by man rejected,
se to meet Him in the air :
elujah ! see the SON of GOD appear !

Amen ! let all adore Thee,
th on Thine eternal throne .

IN ADVENT.

18 “*The Kingdom of God is nigh at hand.”—
THE GOSPEL.*

GR^EAT GOD ! what do I see and hear ?
The end of things created :
The Judge of mankind doth appear
On clouds of glory seated :
The trumpet sounds, the graves restore
The dead, which they contain'd before ;
Prepare, my soul, to meet Him !

The dead in CHRIST shall first arise,
At the last trumpet's sounding ;
And meet their SAVIOUR in the skies,
With joy His throne surrounding :
No gloomy fears their souls dismay ;
His presence sheds eternal day
On those prepar'd to meet Him.

But sinners fill'd with guilty fears,
Behold His wrath prevailing ;
For they shall rise, and find their tears
And sighs are unavailing :
The day of grace is past and gone ;
Trembling they stand before the throne,
All unprepar'd to meet Him.

Great GOD ! what do I see and hear ?
The end of things created :
The Judge of mankind doth appear
On clouds of glory seated :
Beneath His Cross I view the day,
When heaven and earth shall pass away ;
And thus prepare to meet Him.

*W. B. Collyer, 1812, varied by W. J. Hall, 1836.
(First stanza, anon.)*

— WHEN HEAVEN AND EARTH SHALL
What power shall be the sinner's
How shall he meet that dreadful

When, shriv'ling like a parched s
The flaming heavens together roll
When louder yet, and yet more d
Swell the high trump that wakes

Oh ! on that day—that awful day
When man to judgment wakes fr
Be Thou, O CHRIST, the sinner's
Though heaven and earth shall p

*Sir Walter Scott, 1805. From the Dies
Celano, circa 1150.*

20 “*Blessed is he who shall not be offe*
THE GOSPEL.

COME, O SAVIOUR, long ex
Born to set Thy people
From our guilt and fear prote
We shall find our rest in T
Ternal's strength and consolati

THE FOURTH SUNDAY IN ADVENT.

By Thine own Eternal SPIRIT,
In our hearts rule Thou alone ;
By Thine all-sufficient merit,
Raise us to Thy glorious throne.
Worship, honour, glory, blessing,
LORD, we offer to Thy name ;
Young and old, Thy praise expressing,
Join their SAVIOUR to proclaim.
As the saints in heaven adore Thee,
We would bow before Thy throne ;
As Thine angels serve before Thee,
So on earth Thy will be done.

Charles Wesley, 1743 (varied). Doxology by E. Osler, 1836.

The Fourth Sunday in Advent.

21 “*The Lord is a God of judgment.*”—1st LESSON, Matt

DAY of wrath, O dreadful day,
When this world shall pass away,
And the heavens together roll,
Shrivelling like a parched scroll,
Long foretold by saint and sage,
David’s harp, and Sybil’s page.
Day of terror, day of doom,
When the Judge at last shall come ;—
Through the deep and silent gloom,
Shrouding every human tomb,
Shall the Archangel’s trumpet tone
Summon all before the Throne.
Then shall nature stand aghast,
Death himself be overcast ;
Then, at her Creator’s call,
Near and distant, great and small,
Shall the whole creation rise
Waiting for the Great Assize.

Every wrong shall be set right,
Every secret brought to light.

When, in that tremendous day,
Heaven and earth shall pass away
What shall I the sinner say?
What shall be the sinner's stay?
When the righteous shrinks from me,
How shall my frail soul appear?

KING of kings, enthroned on high,
In Thine awful Majesty,
Thou Who of Thy mercy free
Savest those who saved shall be
In Thy boundless charity,
Fount of pity, save Thou me.

O just Judge to Whom belongs
Vengeance for all earthly wrong:
Grant forgiveness, LORD, at last,
Ere the dread account be past.
Lo my sighs, my guilt, my shame,
Spare me for Thine own great Name.

IN ADVENT.

22 *"The Lord is at hand."*—THE EPISTLE.

LORD of mercy and of might !
 Of mankind the Life and Light !
Maker, Teacher, Infinite !
 JESUS ! hear and save !

Who, when sin's tremendous doom
Gave creation to the tomb,
Didst not scorn the Virgin's womb,
 JESUS ! hear and save !

Mighty Monarch ! SAVIOUR mild !
Humbled to a mortal Child,
Captive, beaten, bound, reviled,
 JESUS ! hear and save !

Throned above celestial things,
Borne aloft on Angels' wings,
LORD of lords, and KING of kings,
 JESUS ! hear and save !

Who shalt yet return from high,
Robed in might and majesty,
Hear us ! help us when we cry,
 JESUS ! hear and save !

Bp. Reginald Heber, 1811.

...., goodwill toward
1st LESSON, Matt.

WHILE shepherds watch'd their flocks
All seated on the ground ;
The angel of the LORD came down,
And glory shone around.
“ Fear not,” said he,—for mighty dread
Had seiz'd their troubled mind,—
“ Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you, and all mankind.

‘ To you, in David’s town, this day,
Is born, of David’s line,
SAVIOUR, Who is CHRIST the LORD :—
And this shall be the sign :—
he heav’ly Babe you there shall find
To human view display’d,
I meanly wrapt in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid.”

us spake the seraph ; and forthwith
Appear’d a shining throng
angels praising GOD “ h-

CHRISTMAS DAY.

24 “*The Word was made flesh.*”—THE GOSPEL.

HARK ! the herald-angels sing
“ Glory to the new-born King,
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
GOD and sinners reconcil’d.”
Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
Join the triumph of the skies ;
With th’ angelic host proclaim
“ CHRIST is born in Bethlehem.”

CHRIST, by highest heaven adored,
CHRIST the Everlasting LORD ;
Late in time behold Him come,
Offspring of the Virgin’s womb.
Veiled in flesh the Godhead see—
Hail, Incarnate Deity !
Pleased as Man with man to dwell
JESUS, our Immanuel.

Hail, the heaven-born Prince of Peace !
Hail, the Sun of Righteousness !
Light and Life to all He brings,
Risen with healing in His wings.
Lo ! He lays His glory by,
Born that man no more may die ;
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give us second birth.

Hark ! the herald angels sing
“ Glory to the new-born King ;
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
GOD and sinners reconcil’d.”
Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
Join the triumph of the skies ;
With th’ angelic host proclaim
“ CHRIST is born in Bethlehem.”

Charles Wesley, 1745, varied by W. J. Hall, 1836

As we sang creation's story,
Now proclaim MESSIAH'S birth :
 Come and worship,
Worship CHRIST, the new-born K

Shepherds, in the field abiding,
Watching o'er your flocks by night,
GOD with man is now residing,
Yonder shines the infant-light :
 Come and worship,
Worship CHRIST, the new-born K

Sages, leave your contemplations,
Brighter visions beam afar ;
Seek the great Desire of nations,
Ye have seen His natal star :
 Come and worship,
Worship CHRIST, the new-born K

Saints, before the altar bending,
Watching long in hope and fear,
Suddenly the LORD descending,
In His Temple shall appear :
 Come and worship,
Worship CHRIST, the new-born K

CHRISTMAS DAY.

26 “*The true light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world.*”—THE GOSPEL.

COME to Bethlehem, and see
JESUS on His Mother's knee ;
He, the GOD and man confest,
Slumb'ring on a virgin-breast :
Newly born—in humblest guise,
See Him—Monarch of the skies ;
He, Omnipotent, Divine,
Cradled with the lowing kine.

Come to Bethlehem, and see
JESUS, all humility ;
In a manger, mean and lone,
GOD INCARNATE is made known
Pure and gentle, undefiled,
Spotless, is the HOLY CHILD :
Come to Bethlehem, and see
JESUS on His Mother's knee.

Yet above His low abode
Shines the royal star of GOD :
Silent messenger, sent down--
Jewel blazing in His crown.
Angels their sweet welcome bring,
Coronation anthems ring,
Grandly swelling through the skies,
Over where the Infant lies.

Shine resplendent, herald star,
Speed the glorious news afar :
Shout, ye angels, lift your voice !
Heaven be glad, and earth rejoice !
GOD'S “good-will” again hath smiled ;
Peace comes down, and mercy mild ;
Heaven is opened—man set free—
Come, the Infant JESUS see !

... and swell the gathering thro'
ome to Bethlehem, and see
ESUS on His Mother's knee.

Benjamin Gou

S. Stephen's Day.

"*And they stoned Stephen.*"—THE EPISI

IE SON of GOD goes forth to war,
A kingly crown to gain :
blood-red banner streams afar ;
no follows in His train ?
best can drink his cup of woe
unphant over pain,
patient bears his cross below,
follows in His train.

martyr first, whose eagle eye
ild pierce beyond the grave,
saw his Master in the sky,
l called on Him to save.
Him, with pardon on his tongue,
midst of mortal nain.

S. JOHN THE EVANGELIST'S DAY.

They met the tyrant's brandished steel,
The lion's gory mane,
They bowed their necks, the death to feel :
Who follows in their train ?

A noble army, men and boys,
The matron and the maid,
Around the SAVIOUR'S throne rejoice,
In robes of light arrayed :
They climbed the steep ascent of heaven
Through peril, toil, and pain :
O GOD, to us may grace be given
To follow in their train.

Bishop Reginald Heber, 1827.

S. John the Evangelist's Day.

28 “*Our fellowship is with the Father and with His Son Jesus Christ.*”—THE EPISTLE.

THREE is a blessed Home
Beyond this land of woe,
Where trials never come,
Nor tears of sorrow flow ;
Where faith is lost in sight,
And patient hope is crowned,
And everlasting light
Its glory throws around.

There is a land of peace,
Good angels know it well,
Glad songs that never cease
Within its portals swell ;
Around its glorious Throne,
Ten thousand saints adore
CHRIST, with the FATHER One
And SPIRIT evermore.

(29)

to give to him the praise
Of every triumph won,
And sing through endless days
The great things He hath done.

Look up ye saints of GOD,
Nor fear to tread below
The path your SAVIOUR trod
Of daily toil and woe ;
Wait but a little while
In uncomplaining love,
His own most gracious smile
Shall welcome you above.

Sir Henry Baker,

The Innocents' Day.

*They are without fault before the throne of G.
THE EPISTLE.*

) WHO are they, so pure and bright

THE SUNDAY AFTER CHRISTMAS DAY.

That starry crown around their brow
Tells of their sacred glory now ;
Blest virgin souls who faultless come,
From font of grace, or martyrdom.

“And in their mouth is found no guile,”
CHRIST’S “Holy Innocents,” whose smile
Shines purer from their knowing not,
Upon their souls, sin’s conscious blot.

These, these are they, the undefiled,
The child-like saint, the saint-like child ;
Marked with CHRIST’S cross or earth’s dark frown,
But wearing there that starry crown.

O help us, SAVIOUR, by Thy grace
Near Thee to win that heavenly place ;
Now following where Thy footsteps trod,
“Blameless and harmless sons of GOD !”

W. J. Irons, D.D., 1873.

The Sunday after Christmas Day.

30 “When the fulness of time was come, God sent forth His Son.”—THE EPISTLE.

IN Thy cradle we adore Thee,
Gentle, pure, and holy Child,
Prostrate fall and bow before Thee,
Babe of Bethlehem undefiled,
In Thy Mother’s arms reclining,
Infant, in Thy mean abode,
Strength and weakness strangely joining
GOD with man, and man with GOD.

THE SUNDAY AFTER

Swathed with swaddling-bands, and sleeping
Where the oxen have their lair;
Smiling now in joy, or weeping;
Earth's Deliverer is there.
He, the tender nursling lying,
In a manger cold and lone,
He is King, all kings outvying,
Reigning on His heavenly throne.

This is He ! earth's millions own Him :
Haste to worship at His feet.
Nations, empires, people, crown Him ;
Here the true MESSIAH greet.
While the star of Bethlehem's shining,
Ere the angels' anthem cease,
Hasten ! earth and heaven, combining,
JESUS welcome, Prince of Peace !

Benjamin Gough, 1873.

"She shall bring forth a Son, and thou shalt call His Name Jesus."—THE GOSPEL.

LIUGH let us swell our tuneful notes

CHRISTMAS DAY.

Glory to GOD with songs of praise
In highest worlds be paid ;
His glory by our lips proclaimed,
And by our lives displayed.

So may we reach those blissful realms,
Where CHRIST exalted reigns ;
And learn of the celestial choir
Their own immortal strains !

To FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,
The GOD Whom we adore ;
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

Philip Doddridge, 1755.

32 “*They shall call His Name Emmanuel.*”—THE GOSPEL.

O H, come, all ye faithful,
Triumphantly sing !
Come, see in the Manger
The Angels' dread King !
To Bethlehem hasten,
With joyful accord ;
Oh, hasten ! oh, hasten !
To worship the LORD.

True SON of the FATHER :
He comes from the skies ;
The womb of the Virgin
He doth not despise.

Not made but begotten,
The LORD of all might,
True GOD of true GOD,
True Light of true Light !
To Bethlehem hasten,
With joyful accord ;
Oh, hasten ! oh, hasten !
To worship the LORD.

Hark ! hark ! to the Angels
All singing in Heaven,
“ To GOD in the highest
High glory be given.”
To Bethlehem hasten,
With joyful accord ;
Oh, hasten ! oh, hasten !
To worship the LORD.

To Thee, then, O JESU !
This day of Thy birth,
Be glory and honour
Through Heaven and earth
True Godhead Incarnate !

THE CIRCUMCISION OF CHRIST.

The Circumcision of Christ.

33 *"When eight days were accomplished for the circumcising of the Child, His Name was called Jesus."*
—THE GOSPEL.

THE year begins with Thee ;
And Thou beginn'st with woe,
To let the world of sinners see
That blood for sin must flow.

Thine infant cries, O LORD,
Thy tears upon the breast
Are not enough ; the legal sword
Must do its stern behest.

Like sacrificial wine
Poured on a victim's head,
Are those few precious drops of Thine,
Now first to offering led.

O are we born to tears,
Cradled in care and woe ?
And seems it hard our vernal years
Few vernal joys can show ?

Look here and hold thy peace :
The Giver of all good
E'en from the womb takes no release
From suffering, tears, and blood.

If thou' wouldest reap in love,
First sow in holy fear :
So life a winter's morn may prove
To a bright endless year.

To GOD, the FATHER, SON,
And SPIRIT ever-blessed,
The ONE in THREE, the THREE in ONE,
Be endless praise addressed.

John Keble, 1827

we see

NEST and best of the sons of
rning,
n our darkness, and lend us Thine
e East, the horizon adorning,
here our infant REDEEMER is laid

His cradle the dew-drops are shinir
s His head with the beasts of the
ore Him, in slumber reclining,
and Monarch, and SAVIOUR of all

l we yield Him in costly devotion
of Edom, and off'rings divine :
the mountain, and pearls of the o
from the forest, or gold from the

e offer each ample oblation,
with gifts would His favour secur
by far is the heart's adoration ;
r to GOD are the prayers of the p

FIRST SUNDAY AFTER THE EPIPHANY.

The First Sunday after the Epiphany.

35 “*The redeemed of the Lord shall return, and come with singing unto Zion.*”—1st LESSON, Matt.

PRAISE the LORD ! ye heavens, adore Him,
Praise Him, angels, in the height :
Sun and moon, rejoice before Him,
Praise Him, all ye stars and light :
Praise the LORD ! for He hath spoken,
Worlds His mighty voice obeyed ;
Laws, which never shall be broken,
For their guidance He hath made.

Praise the LORD ! for He is glorious ;
Never shall His promise fail ;
GOD hath made His saints victorious,
Sin and death shall not prevail.
Praise the GOD of our salvation ;
Hosts on high, His power proclaim ;
Heaven and earth, and all creation,
Laud and magnify His Name !

Worship, honour, glory, blessing,
LORD, we offer to Thy Name ;
Young and old, Thy praise expressing,
Join their SAVIOUR to proclaim.
As the saints in heaven adore Thee,
We would bow before Thy throne ;
As Thine angels serve before Thee,
So on earth Thy will be done !

John Kemphorne, 1809. Doxology by E. Osler, 1836.

THE SECOND SUNDAY

'They found Him in the Temple.'—THE GOSPEL.

LIGHT of the lonely pilgrim's heart,
Star of the coming day !
rise, and with Thy morning beams
Chase all our griefs away !

ome, blessed LORD ! let every shore
And answering island sing
he praises of Thy royal Name,
And own Thee as their King.

id the whole earth, responsive now
To the bright world above,
reak forth in rapturous strains of joy
In memory of Thy love.

ORD ! LORD ! Thy fair creation groans—
The air, the earth, the sea—
in unison with all our hearts,
And calls aloud for Thee.

hine was the Cross, with all its fruits
Of grace and peace divine :

AFTER THE EPIPHANY.

Hosanna ! Sovereign, Prophet, Priest,
How vast Thy gifts, how free !
Thy Blood, our life ; Thy Word, our feast ;
Thy Name, our only plea.

Hosanna ! Master, lo ! we bring
Our offerings to Thy throne ;
Not gold, nor myrrh, nor mortal thing,
But hearts to be Thine own.

Hosanna ! once Thy gracious ear
Approved a lisping throng ;
Be gracious still, and deign to hear
Our poor but grateful song.

O SAVIOUR, if, redeem'd by Thee,
Thy Temple we behold.
Hosannas through eternity
We'll sing to harps of gold.

W. H. Havergal, 1833.

38 "The garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness."—1st LESSON, EVEN.

HEAR what GOD the LORD hath spoken !
"O my people, faint and few,
Comfortless, afflicted, broken,
Fair abodes I build for you.

"Thorns of heartfelt tribulation
Shall no more perplex your ways ;
Ye shall name your walls Salvation,
And your gates shall all be praise.

"There, like streams that feed the garden,
Pleasures without end shall flow ;
For the LORD your faith rewarding,
All His bounty shall bestow.

...moons no more shall see
But, your griefs for ever ending,
Find eternal noon in Me."

GOD shall rise, and shining o'er ye
Change to-day the gloom of night
He, the LORD, shall be your glory
GOD, your everlasting Light.

Wm. C

The Third Sunday after the Epiphany

39 "And Jesus put forth His hand and
saying, I will, be thou clean."—Ti

PRAISE, my soul, the King of Heaven
To His feet thy tribute bring ;
Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven
Who like thee His praise should sing
Hallelujah ! Hallelujah !
Praise the everlasting King !

Praise Him for His grace and favor
To our fathers in distress ;
Praise Him, still the same for ever,
Slow to chide, and swift to bless ;
Hallelujah ! Hallelujah !

AFTER THE EPIPHANY.

Angels, help us to adore Him,
Yé behold Him face to face ;
Sun and moon, bow down before Him,
Dwellers all in time and space ;
Hallelujah ! Hallelujah !
Praise with us the God of grace !

Henry Francis Lyte, 1834.

40 “*I have not found so great faith, no, not in Israel.*”—THE GOSPEL.

HAIL, Thou source of every blessing,
Sovereign Father of mankind :
Gentiles now, the truth possessing,
To Thy courts admission find.
Gratefully we bend before Thee ;
In Thy church obtain a place ;
Now, by faith, behold Thy glory,
Praise Thy truth, and sing Thy grace.

Hail, Thou blessed Son of Mary :
East and West their presents bring ;
Never doubting, never weary,
Come to worship Israel’s King.
So may we, with gifts appointed,
In Thy temple minister ;
Offering, as priests anointed,
Gold, and frankincense, and myrrh !

Gold, for Thou art King immortal ;
Incense, for Thou hearest prayer ;
Myrrh, for through the grave’s dim portal
Thou didst pass, our doom to share.
May we, body, soul, and spirit,
Live devoted to Thy praise ;
Realms of bliss for aye inherit ;
Grateful anthems ever raise.

B. Woold. (Varied.)

A. A. We own Thy power divine
The winds and waves obey Thy
For all their strength is Thine

Wide as the wintry tempests sweep,
They work Thy sovereign will,
Thy voice is heard upon the deep,
And all its waves are still.

When dangers threat in every form,
And death itself is near;
O GOD, amidst the raging storm,
We're safe beneath Thy care.

With faith and hope on Thee we stand,
To rescue from the grave;
Thou, Whom the elements obey,
Art ever near to save.

To FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,
The GOD Whom we adore,

AFTER THE EPIPHANY.

42 “*The blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon me.*”—1st LESSON, Even.

HAIL to the LORD’S Anointed,
Great David’s greater SON !
Hail, in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun !
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free ;
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

He shall come down like showers
Upon the fruitful earth,
And love, joy, hope, like flowers,
Spring in His path to birth ;
Before Him, on the mountains,
Shall Peace, the herald, go,
And righteousness, in fountains
From hill to valley flow.

Arabia’s desert-ranger
To Him shall bow the knee ;
The Ethiopian stranger
His glory come to see :
With offerings of devotion
Ships from the Isles shall meet,
To pour the wealth of ocean
In tribute at His feet.

Kings shall fall down before Him,
And gold and incense bring ;
All nations shall adore Him,
His praise all people sing ;
For He shall have dominion
O’er river, sea, and shore ;
Far as the eagle’s pinion,
Or dove’s light wing, can soar.

THE FIFTH SUNDAY

For Him shall prayer unceasing,
And daily vows ascend,
His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end :
The mountain-dews shall nourish
A seed, in weakness sown,
Whose fruit shall spread and flouri
And shake like Lebanon.

O'er every foe victorious
He on His throne shall rest,
From age to age more glorious,
All-blessing and all-blest :
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove ;
His Name shall stand for ever,
That Name to us is Love.

James Montgome.

The Fifth Sunday after the Epiphany

43 “Who do lean only upon the hope of Thy grace.”—THE COLLECT.

AFTER THE EPIPHANY.

A thousand ages in Thy sight
Are like an evening gone ;
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.

Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away ;
They fly forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

O GOD, our help in ages past ;
Our hope for years to come ;
Be Thou our guard while life shall last,
And our eternal home !

Isaac Watts, 1719.

44 *"The time of harvest."*—THE GOSPEL.

THE last loud trumpet's wondrous sound
Shall wake the nations under ground ;
Where then, my GOD, shall I be found,
When all shall stand before Thy throne ;
When Thou shalt make their sentence known ;
And all Thy righteous judgment own ?

Thou, Who for me didst feel such pain,
Whose precious blood the cross did stain,
Let not Thine agonies be vain !
Forget not what my ransom cost ;
Nor let my dear-bought soul be lost,
In storms of guilty terror tost.

Give my exalted soul a place
Among Thy chosen, faithful race,
The sons of GOD, and heirs of grace :
Trembling, before Thy throne I bend ;
My GOD, my Father, and my Friend,
Do not forsake me in mine end !

Wentworth Dillon Roscommon, 1717

THE SIXTH SUNDAY

The Sixth Sunday after the Epiphany
45 "We shall be like Him ; for we shall
He is."—THE EPISTLE.

A WAKE ! awake ! O Zion !
Put on thy strength Divine
Thy garments, bright in beauty,—
The Bridal dress be thine :
Jerusalem the holy,
To purity restored ;
Meek Bride, all fair and lowly,
Go forth to meet thy LORD.
From henceforth pure and spotless
All glorious within,
Prepared to meet the Bridegroom
And cleansed from every sin ;
With love and wonder smitten,
And bowed in guileless shame,
Upon thy heart be written
The new mysterious name.
Jerusalem the holy,
In light and peace behold ;
Her glowing altars flaming.

AFTER THE EPIPHANY.

The LAMB Who bore our sorrows
Comes down to earth again ;
No sufferer now, but Victor,
For evermore to reign ;
To reign in every nation,
And rule in every zone :
O world-wide coronation !
In every heart a throne.

Awake ! awake ! O Zion !
Thy Bridal Day draws nigh,—
The day of signs and wonders,
And marvels from on high :
Thy sun uprises slowly,
But keep thou watch and ward ;
Fair Bride, all pure and lowly,
Go forth to meet thy LORD.

Benjamin Gough. From the Lyra Sabbatica, 1865.

6 “*They shall see the Son of Man coming in the clouds of heaven.*”—THE GOSPEL.

THOU Judge of quick and dead,
Before Whose bar severe,
With holy joy, or guilty dread,
We all shall soon appear :
Do Thou our souls prepare
For that tremendous day ;
And fill us now with watchful care,
And stir us up to pray.
To pray, and wait the hour,
That awful hour unknown,
When, robed in majesty and power,
Thou shalt from heaven come down,
The immortal SON of Man,
To judge the human race,
With all Thy FATHER’S dazzling train,
With all Thy glorious grace.

Be sounding in our —
The solemn midnight cry—
Ye dead, the Judge is come !
Arise, and meet Him in the sky,
And hear your instant doom.
Oh may we thus be found
Obedient to His word,
Attentive to the trumpet's sound,
And looking for our LORD !
O may we thus ensure
A lot among the blest,
And watch a moment to secure
An everlasting rest ! *Charles Wesley.*

Septuagesima.

47 “*In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth.*” —1st LESSON, Matt.

THE spacious firmament on high
With all the blue ethereal sky
And spangled heavens, a shining frame
Their great Original proclaim.
Th’ unwearied sun, from day to day
His Creator’s power display,

SEPTUAGESIMA.

What, though in solemn silence all
Move round this dark terrestrial ball ;
What, though no real voice nor sound
Amid their radiant orbs be found ;
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth their glorious voice :
For ever singing, as they shine,
“The Hand that made us is Divine.”

Joseph Addison, 1712.

48 “*I saw a new heaven and a new earth.”—
and LESSON, Matt.*

THREE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign ;
Eternal day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.
There everlasting spring abides,
And never-fading flowers ;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
That heavenly land from ours.

Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dress'd in living green:
As to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan roll'd between.
But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea,
And linger shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

Oh ! could we all our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love
With faith's unclouded eyes ;
Could we but stand where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er ;
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

Variation from Isaac Watts, 1719.

O THOU, the contrite sinner's !
Who loving, lov'st them to tl
On this alone my hopes depend,
That Thou wilt plead for me !

When, weary in the Christian race,
Far-off appears my resting-place,
And fainting I mistrust Thy grace,
Then, SAVIOUR, plead for me !

When I have err'd and gone astray
Afar from Thine and Wisdom's way,
And see no glimm'ring guiding ray,
Still, SAVIOUR, plead for me !

When Satan, by my sins made bold,
Strives from Thy cross to loose my
Then with Thy pitying arms enfold,
And plead, oh plead for me !

And when my dying hour

SEXAGESIMA.

50 “*The seed is the Word of God.*”—THE GOSPEL.

ALMIGHTY GOD, Thy Word is cast
Like seed upon the ground ;
Oh let the dew of heaven descend,
And shed its influence round.

Let not the foe of CHRIST and man
This holy seed remove ;
May it take root in ev'ry heart,
And grow in faith and love !

Let not this life's deceitful cares,
Nor worldly wealth and joy,
Nor scorching beam, nor stormy blast,
The rising plant destroy.

Where'er the Word of Life is sown,
A large increase bestow ;
That all who hear Thy message, LORD,
Its saving power may know.

To FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,
The GOD Whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

John Cowdroy, 1816. Varied by W. J. Hall, 1836.

L ~~U~~ ever with the LORD !
Amen ! so let it be !
Life from the dead is in that w~~o~~
And immortality !
Here in the body pent,
Absent from Him I roam,
Yet nightly pitch my moving ten
A day's march nearer home.
My FATHER'S house on high,
Home of my soul ! how near,—
At times, to Faith's foreseeing ey~~e~~
Thy golden gates appear.
Ah ! then my spirit faints
To reach the land I love,
The bright inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above !
Yet clouds will intervene,
And all my prospect flies ;
Like Noah's dove, I flit between
Rough seas —

QUINQUAGESIMA.

52 "*Faith, hope, and charity.*"—THE EPISTLE.

HOLY GHOST ! my soul inspire !
SPIRIT of th' Almighty SIRE,
SPIRIT of the SON Divine,
COMFORTER, Thy gifts be mine !

HOLY SPIRIT, in my breast
Grant that lively Faith may rest,
And subdue each rebel thought
To believe what Thou hast taught.

When around my sinking soul
Gathering waves of sorrow roll,
SPIRIT blest, the tempest still,
And with Hope my bosom fill.

HOLY SPIRIT, from my mind
Thought, and wish, and will unkind,
Deed and word unkind remove,
And my bosom fill with Love.

Faith, and Hope, and Charity,
COMFORTER, descend from Thee ;
Thou th' anointing SPIRIT art,
These Thy gifts to us impart,—

Till our Faith be lost in sight,
Hope be swallow'd in delight,
Love return to dwell with Thee
In the threefold Deity.

Bishop Mait, 1831.

O LORD, turn not Thy
From them that lowly
Lamenting sore their sinful
With tears and bitter cry

Thy mercy-gates are open
To them that mourn their
O shut them not against us,
But let us enter in.

O call us not to strict accou
How we have sojourn'd he
For then our guilty conscienc
How vile we must appear.

We need not to confess our i
To Thee, Who best can'st
What we have been, and wha
Thou knowest, LORD, full w

Mercv. O LORD . . .

THE FIRST SUNDAY IN LENT.

54 “*When ye fast be not as the hypocrites.*”—
THE GOSPEL.

FATHER of mercies, hear !
Thy pardon we implore,
While daily, through this sacred Fast,
Our prayers, our tears, we pour.

Searcher of hearts, to Thee
Our helplessness is known :
Be then to those who seek Thy face
Thy free forgiveness shown.

How numberless our sins,
LORD, we confess with shame ;
Yet spare, and heal our broken hearts ;
Spare, for Thy glorious Name.

Thos. James Judkin, 1831.

The First Sunday in Lent.

55 “*Then was Jesus led up of the Spirit into the wilderness to be tempted.*”—THE GOSPEL.

WHEN gathering clouds around I view,
And days are dark and friends are few,
On Him I lean, Who not in vain
Experienced every human pain :
He sees my wants, allays my fears,
And counts and treasures up my tears.

THE FIRST SUNDAY

If aught should tempt my soul to stray
From heavenly wisdom's narrow way ;
To flee the good I would pursue,
Or do the sin I would not do ;
Still He, Who felt temptation's power,
Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.

If wounded love my bosom swell,
Deceived by those I prized too well,
He shall His pitying aid bestow,
Who felt on earth severer woe ;
At once betrayed, denied, or fled,
By those who shared His daily bread.

If thoughts of fear within me rise,
And, sore dismayed, my spirit dies,
Still He, Who once vouchsafed to bear
The sickening anguish of despair,
Shall sweetly soothe, shall gently dry,
The throbbing heart, the streaming eye.

When sorrowing o'er some stone I bend,
~~Which covers what was once a friend.~~

IN LENT.

56 “*And Abraham took the wood of the burnt-offering
and laid it upon Isaac his son.*”—1st LESSON, Aft.

FATHER of love, our Guide and Friend,
Oh lead us gently on,
Until life’s trial-time shall end,
And heavenly peace be won !

We know not what the path may be
As yet by us untrod ;
But we can trust our all to Thee,
Our FATHER and our GOD !

If call’d like Abraham’s child, to climb
The hill of sacrifice,
Some angel may be there in time ;
Deliverance shall arise.

Or, if some darker lot be good,
Oh, teach us to endure
The sorrow, pain, and solitude,
That make the spirit pure !

CHRIST by no flowery pathway came ;
And we, His followers here,
Must do Thy will and praise Thy Name,
In hope, and love, and fear.

And, till in heaven we sinless bow,
And faultless anthems raise,
O FATHER, SON, and SPIRIT, now
Accept our feeble praise !

W. J. Irons, D.D., 1852.

Our Duty.

Have mercy on me, O Lord, Thou Son of David
THE GOSPEL.

O H, help us, LORD ! in all our need,
Thy heavenly succour give ;
Help us in thought, in word, and deed,
Each hour on earth we live !

Oh, help us when our spirits bleed
With contrite anguish sore ;
And when our hearts are cold and dead
Oh, help us, LORD, the more.

Oh, help us, through the prayer of faith
More firmly to believe ;
For still the more the servant hath,
The more shall he receive.

If strangers to Thy fold we call,
Mourning at Thy feet
From Thy table fall,

IN LENT.

58 “*And he called the name of that place Bethel.*”—
1st LESSON, Aft.

O GOD of Bethel, by Whose hand
Thy people still are fed,
Who through this weary pilgrimage
Hast all our fathers led ;

Our vows, our prayers, we now present
Before Thy throne of grace ;
GOD of our fathers ! be the GOD
Of their succeeding race.

Through each perplexing path of life
Our wandering footsteps guide ;
Give us each day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.

Oh spread Thy covering wings around
Till all our wanderings cease,
And at our Father’s loved abode
Our souls arrive in peace.

Such blessings from Thy gracious hand
Our humble prayers implore ;
And Thou shalt be our chosen GOD,
And portion evermore.

Var. by John Logan, 1770. From Philip Doddridge, 1755.

— — —, my picture
Strikes through the shades
And our most secret actions lie
All open to Thy sight.

There's not a sin that we commit
Nor wicked word we say,
But in Thy dreadful book 'tis written
Against the judgment-day.

And must the crimes that I have
Be read and publish'd there,
Be all expos'd before the sun,
While men and angels hear?

LORD, at Thy feet ashamed I lie
Upward I dare not look;
Pardon my sins before I die,
And blot them from Thy book

Remember all the dying pains
That my Redeemer felt,
And let His Blood wash out my
And answer for my guilt!

Isaac

IN LENT:

If dark my path and sad my lot,
Let me be still and murmur not,
Or breathe the prayer divinely taught,
Thy will be done !

What though in lonely grief I sigh
For friends beloved, no longer nigh,
Submissive still would I reply,
Thy will be done !

Though Thou should'st call me to resign
What most I prize, it ne'er was mine,
I can but yield Thee what is Thine ;
Thy will be done !

Should grief or sickness waste away
My life in premature decay,
My FATHER ! still I strive to say,
Thy will be done !

Let but my fainting heart be blest
With Thy sweet SPIRIT for its Guest,
My GOD, to Thee I leave the rest ;
Thy will be done !

Renew my will from day to day ;
Blend it with Thine, and take away
What makes it now so hard to say,
Thy will be done !

Then, when on earth I breathe no more,
That prayer, oft mix'd with tears before,
I'll sing upon a happier shore,
Thy will be done !

Charlotte Elliott, 1834.

WHEN at Thy footstool, LORD, I
And plead with Thee for merc
Think of the sinner's dying Friend,
And for His sake receive my praye

Oh think not of my shame and guilt
My thousand stains of deepest dye
Think of the blood which JESUS spil
And let that blood my pardon buy.

Think, LORD, how I am still Thine
The trembling creature of Thy han
Think how my heart to sin is prone,
And what temptations round me st

Oh think upon Thy holy Word,
And every plighted promise there ;
How prayer should evermore be hear
And how Thy glory is to spare.

Oh think not of my doubts and fears
My strivings with Thy grace divine
Think upon JESUS' woes and tears,

IN LENT.

32 "Whence shall we buy bread that these may eat?"—
THE GOSPEL.

O KING of earth, and air, and sea !
The hungry ravens cry to Thee ;
To Thee, the scaly tribes, that sweep
The bosom of the boundless deep ;
To Thee the lions roaring call ;
The common Father, kind to all :
Then grant Thy servants, LORD, we pray,
Our daily bread from day to day.

The fishes may for food complain,
The ravens spread their wings in vain,
The roaring lions lack and pine ;
But, GOD, Thou carest still for Thine :
Thy bounteous hand with food can bless
The bleak and lonely wilderness ;
And Thou hast taught us, LORD, to pray
For daily bread from day to day.

And oh ! when through the wilds we roam
That part us from our heavenly home ;
When lost in danger, want, and woe,
Our faithless tears begin to flow ;
Do Thou the gracious comfort give,
By which alone the soul may live ;
And grant Thy servants, Lord, we pray,
The bread of life from day to day !

Bishop Reginald Heber, 1827.

— In tear and shame and grief
Our sins have nailed Him to the
JESUS, our LORD, is crucified !

Have we no tears to shed for Hir
While soldiers scoff and Jews deri
Ah ! look how patiently He hangs
JESUS ! our LORD, is crucified !

How fast His hands and feet are
His blessed tongue with thirst is t
His failing eyes are blind with blc
JESUS, our LORD, is crucified !

Seven times He spoke, seven word
And all three hours His silence cri
For mercy on the souls of men :
JESUS, our LORD, is crucified !

Oh break, oh break, hard heart of
Thy weak self-love and guilty prid
His Pilate and His Judas were :
JESUS, thy LORD, is crucified !

Come, take thy stand beneath the
And let the blood from out that si
Fall gently on thee drop by drop !

IN LENT.

64 “*Before Abraham was, I AM.*”—THE GOSPEL.

THE GOD of Abraham praise,
Who reigns enthron'd above ;
Ancient of everlasting days,
And GOD of love :
JEHOVAH, Great I AM !
By earth and heaven confess ;
We bow before the sacred Name,
For ever blest.

The GOD of Abraham praise,
By Whose Almighty hand
We travel safely all our days
To Canaan's land ;
To Sion's sacred height,
Where GOD His throne maintains ;
And glorious with His saints in light
For ever reigns.

The goodly land we see,
With peace and plenty blest,
The land of sacred liberty,
And endless rest :
There milk and honey flow,
And oil and wine abound,
And trees of life for ever grow,
With mercy crown'd.

There GOD, Who reigns on high,
The great Archangels sing,
And, “Holy, Holy, Holy,” cry,
“Almighty King !
Who Was, and Is, the same,
And evermore shall be !
JEHOVAH ! FATHER ! Great I AM !
We worship Thee !”

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Abbreviated from Thomas Oliver

The Sunday next before Easter.

35 “*He humbled Himself, and became obedient to death.*”—THE EPISTLE.

O SOUL of JESUS, sick to death !
Thy Blood and prayer together ple
My sins have bowed Thee to the ground
As the storm bows the feeble reed.
Deep waters have come in, O LORD !
All darkly on Thy human soul ;
And clouds of supernatural gloom
Around Thee are allowed to roll.
Sin and the FATHER’S anger ! they
Have made Thy lower nature faint ;
All save the love within Thy heart,

BEFORE EASTER.

I walk the earth with lightsome step,
Smile at the sunshine, breathe the air,
Do my own will, nor ever heed
Gethsemane and Thy long prayer.
Shall it be always thus, O LORD ?
Wilt Thou not work e'en now in me
The grace Thy Passion merited,—
Hatred of self, and love of Thee ?
Oh, by the pains of Thy pure love,
Grant me the gift of holy fear ;
And give me of Thy sacred blood
To wash my guilty conscience clear.
Ever when tempted, make me see,
Beneath the olives' moon-pierced shade,
My GOD, alone, outstretched, and bruised,
And bleeding on the earth He made :
And make me feel it was my sin,
As though no other sins there were,
That was to Him who bears the world
A load that He could scarcely bear.

F. W. Faber, 1871.

66 “*Blessed be the King that cometh in the Name of the Lord.*”—2nd LESSON, Aft.

R IDE on, ride on in majesty !
Hark ! all the tribes Hosanna cry ;
O SAVIOUR meek, pursue Thy road,
With palms and scattered garments strowed.
Ride on ! ride on in majesty !
In lowly pomp ride on to die :
O CHRIST, Thy triumphs now begin
O'er captive death and conquered sin.
Ride on ! ride on in majesty !
The wingèd squadrons of the sky
Look down with sad and wondering eyes
To see the approaching Sacrifice.

(67)

— on in majesty !
In lowly pomp ride on to die ;
Bow Thy meek head to mortal pain
Then take, O God, Thy power, and

Henry Hart M.

Monday before Easter.

67 “*I gave My back to the smiters.*”—THE

GO to dark Gethsemane,
Ye that feel the tempter's pow' ;
There your SAVIOUR'S conflict see ;
Watch with Him one bitter hour :
Turn not from His griefs away ;
Learn of Him to watch and pray.

See Him in the judgment-hall,
Bound, and beaten, and arraign'd ;
Sad, forsaken, mock'd by all.
Yet by heav'nly

TUESDAY BEFORE EASTER.

Tuesday before Easter.

68 “*I will not leave you comfortless, I will come to you.*”—2nd LESSON, Even.

WHEN our heads are bowed with woe,
When our bitter tears o'erflow,
When we mourn the lost ones dear,
JESU, Son of Mary, hear !

Thou our throbbing flesh hast worn,
Thou our mortal griefs hast borne,
Thou hast shed the human tear :
JESU, Son of Mary, hear !

When the heart is sad within
With the thought of all its sin,
When the spirit shrinks with fear,
JESU, Son of Mary, hear !

Thou the shame, the grief, hast known ;
Though the sins were not Thine own,
Thou hast deigned their load to bear :
JESU, Son of Mary, hear !

When the sullen death-bell tolls
For our own departed souls,
When the final doom is near,
JESU, Son of Mary, hear !

Thou hast bowed the dying head,
Thou the blood of life hast shed,
Thou hast filled a mortal bier :
JESU ! Son of Mary, hear !

Henry Hart Milman, 1827.

¶ Let me hide myself in Th
Let the Water and the Blood,
From Thy riven side which flow
Be of sin the double cure ;
Save from wrath and make me]

Merit I have none to bring,
Only to Thy Cross I cling :
Should my tears for ever flow,
Should my zeal no languor know
All for sin could not atone ;
Thou must save, and Thou alone

While I draw this fleeting breath
When mine eyelids close in death
When I rise to worlds unknown
See Thee on Thy judgment throne
Rock of Ages ! cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

Variation by W. J. Hall, 1836, from A. M. To

Thursday before Easter

GOOD FRIDAY.

Forbid it, LORD, that I should boast,
Save in the Cross of CHRIST, my GOD ;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I quit them all for JESUS' Blood.

See from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down :
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown ?

Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were an off'ring far too small :
A love so boundless, so divine,
Demands my life, my soul, my all.

Isaac Watts, 1709 (varied).

Good Friday.

71

"Behold your King."—THE GOSPEL.

BOUND upon th' accursèd tree,
Faint and bleeding, Who is He ?
By the eyes so pale and dim,
Streaming blood, and writhing limb,
By the flesh, with scourges torn,
By the crown of twisted thorn,
By the side, so deeply pierc'd,
By the baffled burning thirst,
By the drooping death-dew'd brow,
SON of Man ! 'tis Thou, 'tis Thou !

(71)

~, ~uch, promised, ere He die
To the felon at His side,
LORD, our suppliant knees we !
SON of GOD ! 'tis Thou, 'tis Th

Bound upon th' accursèd tree,
Sad and dying, Who is He?
By the last and bitter cry,
The ghost giv'n up in agony ;
By the lifeless body, laid
In the chamber of the dead ;
By the mourners, come to weep
Where the bones of JESUS sleep
Crucified ! we know Thee now ;
SON of Man ! 'tis Thou, 'tis Th

Bound upon th' accursèd tree,
Dread and awful, Who is He?
By the prayer for them that slew
“ LORD ! they know not what the
By the spoil'd and empty grave,
By the souls He died to save,
By the conquest He hath won,

GOOD FRIDAY.

72

"It is finished."—THE GOSPEL.

HARK! the voice of love and mercy
Sounds aloud from Calvary;
See! the rocks are rent asunder;
Darkness veils the mid-day sky:
 "It is finish'd!"
Hear the dying SAVIOUR cry.

Oh what joy to helpless sinners
These triumphant words afford!
Heav'nly blessings without measure
Flow to us through CHRIST the LORD:
 "It is finish'd!"
Saints, His dying words record.

All the types and shadows finish'd
Of the ceremonial law:
Man's redemption now completed,
Death and hell no more shall awe:
 "It is finish'd!"
Saints, from hence your comfort draw.

Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs;
Join the triumph to proclaim:
All on earth, and all in heaven,
Join to praise the SAVIOUR'S name:
 Hallelujah!
Glory to the bleeding LAMB!

Jonathan Evans, 1784. Varied by W. J. Hall, 1836.

SAVIOUR, when in dust to Thee
Low we bend the adoring knee
When repentant to the skies
Scarce we lift our weeping eyes ;
Oh ! by all the pains and woe
Suffered once for man below,
Bending from Thy throne on high
Hear our solemn litany !

By Thy birth and early years ;
By Thy human griefs and fears ;
By Thy fasting and distress
In the lonely wilderness ;
By Thy vict'ry in the hour
Of the subtle tempter's power ;
JESUS, look with pitying eye ;
Hear our solemn litany !

By Thine hour of dark despair ;
By Thine agony of prayer ;
By the purple robe of scorn ;
By Thy wounds, Thy crown of thorn
Cross and passion, pangs and cries ;
~~By Thy perfect sacrifice.~~

EASTER EVEN.

Mighty GOD ! ascended LORD !
To Thy throne in heaven restor'd ;
PRINCE and SAVIOUR, hear the cry
Of our solemn litany !

*Variation from Sir Robert Grant, 1815, by W. J. Hall,
1836.*

74 “*In the third day He will raise us up, and we shall live in His sight.*”—1st LESSON, Even.

“ EARTH to earth, and dust to dust : ”
LORD, we own the sentence just ;
Head and tongue, and hand and heart,
All in guilt have borne their part :
Righteous is the common doom ;
All must moulder in the tomb.

Like the seed in spring-time sown,
Like the leaves in autumn strown,
Low these goodly frames must lie,
All our pomp and glory die ;
Soon the spoiler seeks his prey,
Soon he bears us all away.

Yet the seed, upraised again,
Clothes with green the smiling plain ;
Onward as the seasons move,
Leaves and blossoms deck the grove :
And shall we forgotten lie,
Lost for ever when we die ?

LORD, from Nature’s gloomy night
Turn we to the Gospel’s light ;
Thou didst triumph o’er the grave,
Thou wilt all Thy people save :
Ransomed by Thy blood, the just
Rise immortal from the dust.

John Hampden Gurney, 1851.

♪ Sing the Resurrection song !
Death and sorrow, earth's dark story,
 To the "former days" belong ;
All around the clouds are breaking,
 Soon the storms of time shall cease,
In GOD'S likeness, man awaking,
 Knows the everlasting peace.

Oh what glory, far exceeding
 All that eye has yet perceived !
Holiest hearts for ages pleading,
 Never that full joy conceived.
GOD has promised, CHRIST prepares
 There on high our welcome waits ;
Every humble spirit shares it,
 CHRIST has passed the Eternal gate.

"Life Eternal !" heaven rejoices,
 JESUS lives Who once was dead ;
Join, O man, the deathless voices,
 Child of GOD, lift up thy head !
Patriarchs from the distant ages,
 Saints all longing for their heaven.

EASTER DAY.

Oh ! to enter that bright portal,
See that glowing firmament,
Know, with Thee, O GOD Immortal,
“JESUS CHRIST Whom Thou hast sent !”

W. J. Irons, D.D., 1873.

76 “*I am He that liveth and was dead.*” and LESSON, Matt.

JESUS CHRIST is ris’n to-day,
Our triumphant holy-day ;
Who so meekly on the cross,
Suffer’d to redeem our loss.

Hallelujah !
Hallelujah !
Hallelujah !
Hallelujah !

Hymns of praise then let us sing,
Unto CHRIST our heav’nly King,
Who endur’d the cross and grave,
Sinners to redeem and save.

Hallelujah !
Hallelujah !
Hallelujah !
Hallelujah !

For the pains which He endur’d,
Our salvation have procur’d ;
Now He reigns eternal King,
Where the angels ever sing

Hallelujah !
Hallelujah !
Hallelujah !
Hallelujah !

Sing we to our GOD above
Praise eternal as His love ;
Praise Him, all ye heavenly host,
FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST.

Hallelujah !
Hallelujah !
Hallelujah !
Hallelujah !

Anon., 1750.

EPISTLE.

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EASTER TUESDAY.

Baffled are the dark designs
 Of hell and Satan now ;
Victory's crimson wreath entwines
 Around Thy sacred brow :
GOD of GOD, and Light of Light,
 Thee, Omnipotent, we own,
Reigning in Thy royal right
 On heaven's eternal throne.

Abbreviated from the Lyra Sabbatica by B. Gough, 1865.

Easter Tuesday.

78 “Thou shalt not suffer Thine Holy One to see corruption.”—THE EPISTLE.

JOY of Joys ! He lives, He lives,
 JESUS, Who salvation gives ;
Rising in the early gloom,
Lo, His glory fills the tomb :
All the earthly guards are fled
From the mansion of the dead ;
Listen ! for the angels say,
“See the place where JESUS lay.”

“Enter, if ye seek for Him !”
There the light shall not be dim ;
At His head and at His feet,
Mark the clothes and winding sheet,
All in sacred order seen,
In the grave where CHRIST has been :
So He left it—all was done
Ere the rising of the sun.

Earth was trembling, JESUS rose,
Calmly passing through His foes :
“Death hath no dominion now,”
“Captain of Salvation” Thou !

Drive the powers of darkness away,
For the morn is drawing nigh ;
Show to us the shining way,
Us the children of the day :
Onward, onward, in the road
Radiant with the light of GOD,
GOD the FATHER and the SON,
And the SPIRIT, ever ONE !

W. J. Irons, D.L.

The First Sunday after Easter.

79 “*Then were the disciples glad when they saw the Lord.*”—THE GOSPEL.

HALLELUJAH ! Hallelujah ! Hearts to
and voices raise ;
Sing to GOD a hymn of gladness, sing to
hymn of praise.
He who on the cross a Victim for the
salvation bled

AFTER EASTER.

CHRIST is risen, CHRIST the First-fruits of the
 holy harvest-field,
Which will all its full abundance at His second
 coming yield ;
Then the golden ears of harvest will their heads
 before Him wave,
Ripen'd by His glorious sunshine, from the fur-
 rows of the grave.

CHRIST is risen, we are risen ; shed upon us
 heavenly grace,
Rain and dew and gleams of glory from the
 brightness of Thy face,
That we, with our hearts in heaven, here on
 earth may fruitful be,
And by angel-hands be gather'd, and be ever,
 LORD, with Thee.

Hallelujah ! Hallelujah ! Glory be to GOD on high,
Hallelujah ! to the SAVIOUR, Who has gain'd
 the victory !

Hallelujah ! to the SPIRIT, Fount of love and
 sanctity ;

Hallelujah ! Hallelujah ! to the Triune Majesty !

*Bishop Christopher Wordsworth, 1865. (By permission
from the "Holy Year.")*

80 "Peace be unto you."—THE GOSPEL.

FAR from these narrow scenes of night
 Unbounded glories rise,
And realms of infinite delight,
 Unknown to mortal eyes.

Fair distant land ; could mortal eyes
 But half its joys explore,
How would our spirits long to rise,
 And dwell on earth no more !

- - - - - PRECIOUS REGIONS.

No clouds those blissful regions
For ever bright and fair ;
For sin, the source of mortal wo
Can never enter there.

There no alternate night is know
Nor sun's faint sickly ray ;
But glory from the sacred Throne
Spreads everlasting day.

The glorious Monarch there displ
His beams of wondrous grace ;
His happy subjects sing His prais
And bow before His face.

O may the heavenly prospect fire
Our hearts with ardent love,
Till wings of faith and strong desi

THE SECOND SUNDAY AFTER EASTER.

The Second Sunday after Easter.

81 “*And there was no water for the congregation.”—*
1st LESSON, Matt.

GUIDE us, O Thou great JEHOVAH,
Pilgrims through this barren land ;
We are weak, but Thou art mighty ;
Hold us with Thy powerful hand :
Of Thy goodness
Fill our souls with heavenly bread.

Open Thou the crystal fountain,
Whence the living waters flow ;
Let the fiery cloudy pillar
Guide us all the desert through :
Strong Deliverer,
Be Thou still our Help and Shield.

When we tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid our anxious fears subside ;
Lead us through the parted river ;
Bring us safe to Canaan’s side :
Grateful praises
We will ever give to Thee.

Variation from William Williams, 1774.

~~My very ravings is music~~
To ear, and heart, and mind

It woke my wondering childhood
To muse on things above :
It drew my harder manhood
With cords of mighty love.

How oft to sure destruction
My feet had gone astray,
Wert Thou not, patient Shepherd
The Guardian of my way !

How oft in darkness fallen,
And wounded sore by sin,
Thy hand has gently raised me
And healing balms poured in

O Shepherd good ! I follow
Wherever Thou wilt lead :
No matter where the pasture,
With Thee at hand to feed.

— — — — —

THE THIRD SUNDAY AFTER EASTER.

The Third Sunday after Easter

33

"Honour the King."—THE EPISTLE

O KING of kings, Thy blessing shed
On our anointed Sovereign's head,
And, looking from Thy throne in heaven,
Protect the crown Thyself hast given.

Her, for Thy sake, may we obey ;
Uphold her right, and love her sway ;
Remembering, all the Powers that be
Are ministers ordained by Thee.

By her this favoured nation bless ;
To her wise counsels give success ;
In peace, in war, Thine aid be seen ;
Confirm her strength :—Oh save our Queen !

And when all earthly thrones decay,
And earthly glories fade away,
Give her a nobler throne on high,
A crown of immortality.

Praise GOD, from Whom all blessings flow ;
Praise Him, all creatures here below ;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host ;
Praise FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST.

Thomas Cotterill, 1819. Varied by W. J. Hall, 1836

34 "*I will see you again, and your heart shall rejoice.*"—
THE GOSPEL.

JESUS, full of love divine,
I am Thine and Thou art mine;
Let me live and die to prove
Thine unutterable love.

Every thought, design, and wor
Burns with love to Thee, my L
Body, soul, and spirit joined,
All in love to Thee combined.
Ever since I saw Thy face,
Proved Thy plenitude of grace,
Chose Thee as the better part—
Love has filled and fired my hear

JESUS came from heaven to seek
Me, a sinner blind and weak ;
In Gethsemane He strove,
In an agony of love ;
Suffered to redeem my loss,
Died for me upon the cross,
And His love, divinely free,
Reaches all mankind, and me.

JESUS, SAVIOUR. T.L.
Jesus

THE FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER EASTER.

The Fourth Sunday after Easter.

85 *"The Spirit of Truth."*—THE GOSPEL.

CREATOR SPIRIT, by Whose aid
The world's foundations first were laid,
Come, visit every humble mind,
Come, pour Thy joy on all mankind :
From sin and sorrow set us free,
And make us temples meet for Thee.

O Source of uncreated light !
The FATHER'S promised Paraclete !
Thrice holy Fount, thrice holy Fire,
Our hearts with heavenly love inspire :
Come, and Thy sacred unction bring,
To sanctify us while we sing.

Plenteous of grace, descend from high,
Rich in Thy sevenfold energy ;
Make us eternal truths receive,
And practise all that we believe :
Give us Thyself, that we may see
The FATHER and the SON by Thee.

Immortal honours, endless fame,
Attend the Almighty FATHER'S name :
The SAVIOUR SON be glorified,
Who for lost man's redemption died :
And equal adoration be,
Eternal Paraclete, to Thee.

Latin Hymn, about 7th century. Translated by John Dryden, 1693.

With all Thy quickening powers ;
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.

Our hearts are set on things below,
Fond of these earthly toys ;
Our souls, how heavily they go
To reach eternal joys.

In vain we tune our lifeless songs ;
In vain we strive to rise ;
Thy praises falter on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

Come, HOLY SPIRIT, heavenly Dove,
With all Thy quickening powers ;
Oh shed abroad a SAVIOUR's love,

THE FIFTH SUNDAY AFTER EASTER.

The Fifth Sunday after Easter.

87 “*In the world ye shall have tribulation: but be of good cheer.”—THE GOSPEL.*

O HOLY SAVIOUR, Friend unseen,
The faint, the weak, on Thee may lean :
Help me, throughout life’s varying scene,
By faith to cling to Thee !

What though the world deceitful prove,
And earthly friends and joys remove?
With patient uncomplaining love
Still would I cling to Thee !

Oft when I seem to tread alone
Some barren waste with thorns o’ergrown,
A voice of love, in gentlest tone,
Whispers “ Still cling to Me ! ”

Though faith and hope awhile be tried,
I ask not, need not, aught beside :
How safe, how calm, how satisfied,
The souls that cling to Thee !

They fear not life’s rough storms to brave,
Since Thou art near, and strong to save ;
Nor shudder e’en at death’s dark wave ;
Because they cling to Thee !

Blest is my lot, whate’er befal ;
What can disturb me, who appal,
While, as my Strength, my Rock, my All,
SAVIOUR ! I cling to Thee ?

Charlotte Elliott, 1834.

Put on the Christian's armour
The armour of the LORD ;
The helmet of salvation,
And faith's victorious shield
Go forth with acclamation,
The world your battle-field.
Each battle of the warrior,
Who fights by land or flood,
Is with confused noises,
And garments rolled in blood
But this shall be with burning,
From heaven its light shall send
Both heart and soul discerning
The fire of love Divine.
Uplift the blood-red banner,
And shout, with trumpet's sound
Deliverance to the captive,
And freedom to the bound ;
Earth's jubilee of glory,
The year of full release :
Oh tell the wondrous story ;
Go forth and publish peace !

C. S. J.

THE ASCENSION OF OUR LORD.

The Ascension of Our Lord.

89 “*While they beheld, He was taken up.*”—THE EPISTLE.

THOU art gone up on high
To mansions in the skies,
And round Thy throne unceasingly
The songs of praise arise.
But we are lingering here
With sin and care oppress'd ;
LORD ! send Thy promised Comforter,
And lead us to Thy rest !

Thou art gone up on high :
But Thou didst first come down,
Through earth's most bitter misery,
To pass unto Thy crown :
And girt with griefs and fears
Our onward course must be ;
But only let that path of tears
Lead us, at last, to Thee !

Thou art gone up on high :
But Thou shalt come again
With all the bright ones of the sky
Attendant in Thy train.
Oh ! by Thy saving power,
So make us live and die,
That we may stand, in that dread hour,
At Thy right hand on high !

Emma Toke, 1851.

HAIL the ^{King}
To His throne above the skies :
CHRIST, the Lamb, for sinners gi
Enters now the highest heaven.
There for Him high triumph wait
Lift your heads, eternal gates :
Open wide : CHRIST enters in,
Conqueror of death and sin.
Lo, the heaven its LORD receiv
Yet He loves the earth He leav
Though returning to His thron
-- -- -- mankind His ow

THE SUNDAY AFTER THE ASCENSION.

Still for us He intercedes ; Hallelujah !
His prevailing death He pleads : Hallelujah !
Near Himself prepares our place, Hallelujah !
He the first-fruits of our race. Hallelujah !
LORD, though parted from our sight, Hallelujah !
Far above the starry height, Hallelujah !
Grant our hearts may thither rise, Hallelujah !
Seeking Thee above the skies. Hallelujah !

Variation from C. Wesley, 1743.

The Sunday after the Ascension.

91

"The King of Glory."—THE COLLECT.

ALL hail the power of JESUS' Name!
Ye angels, prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him LORD of all.

Crown Him, ye morning stars of light,
Who fixed this floating ball ;
Now hail the Strength of Israel's might,
And crown Him LORD of all !

Crown Him, ye martyrs of our GOD
Who from His altar call;
Of Jesse's stem extol the Rod,
And crown Him LORD of all.

Hail Him, ye heirs of Day
Whom David LORD did
The GOD Incarnate, Man
And crown Him LORD o

sinners, whose love can ne
The wormwood and the g
Go spread your trophies at
And crown Him LORD of

Let every tongue and every
Before Him prostrate fall,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him LORD of

Perron.

92

"The King of Glory."—THE

COME, let us join our chee
With angels round the I
Ten thousand thousand are th
But all their joys are one.
“ ”

WHITSUNDAY.

Let all creation join in one
To bless the Sacred Name
Of Him that sits upon the Throne,
And to adore the LAMB.

To FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,
The GOD Whom we adore :
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

Whitsunday.

93 “They were all filled with the Holy Ghost.”—
THE EPISTLE.

COME, HOLY GHOST, our souls inspire,
And lighten with celestial fire :
Thou the anointing SPIRIT art,
Who dost Thy sevenfold gifts impart :
Thy blessed unction from above
Is comfort, life, and fire of love.

Illumine with perpetual light
The dulness of our blinded sight ;
Anoint our heart, and cheer our face
With the abundance of Thy grace.
Keep far our foes ; give peace at home ;
Where Thou art Guide, no ill can come.

Teach us to know the FATHER, SON,
And Thee of Both, to be but One ;
That, through the ages all along,
This theme may be our endless song :—
Praise to Thine eternal merit,
FATHER, SON, and HOLY SPIRIT.

*Ascribed to Charlemagne, 8th Cent. Translated by
Bishop John Cosin, 1662.*

~ To Thee for help we cry,
To guide us through the dreary way
Of dark mortality.

We ask not, LORD, the cloven flame,
Nor tongues of various tone ;
But long Thy praises to proclaim
With fervour in our own.

No new prophetic voice we hear,
No wondrous powers we share ;
Yet hope to feel Thy comfort near,
And bless Thee in our prayer.

When tongues shall cease, and power
And knowledge vain shall prove,
Do Thou Thy trembling servants stay
With faith, and hope, and love.

To FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST.

WHIT MONDAY.

Whit Monday.

95 “*The Holy Ghost fell on them which heard the word.*”—THE EPISTLE.

O SPIRIT of the living GOD !
In all Thy plenitude of grace,
Where'er the foot of man hath trod,
Descend on our apostate race !

Give tongues of fire and hearts of love
To preach the reconciling word ;
Give power and unction from above,
Where'er the joyful sound is heard.

Be darkness, at Thy coming, light ;
Confusion, order in Thy path ;
Souls without strength, inspire with might,
Bid mercy triumph over wrath.

O SPIRIT of the LORD ! prepare
All the round earth her GOD to meet ;
Breathe Thou abroad like morning air,
Till hearts of stone begin to beat.

Baptize the nations far and nigh ;
The triumphs of the Cross record ;
The name of JESUS glorify,
Till every kindred call Him LORD.

James Montgomery, 1825.

O n for a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame !
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the LAMB !

What peaceful hours I once enjoyed
How sweet their memory still !
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.

Return, O holy Dove ! return,
Sweet Messenger of rest !
I hate the sins that made Thee mo-
And drove Thee from my breast.

The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from Thy Thro-
And worship only Thee ! .

So shall my walk be close with Go-

TRINITY SUNDAY.

Trinity Sunday.

97 “*By the confession of a true faith to acknowledge the glory of the eternal Trinity.*”—THE COLLECT.

FATHER of all ! Whose wondrous grace
Moved Thee to save our guilty race,
Before Thy Throne we sinners bend ;
To us Thy pardoning love extend.

Almighty SON ! Incarnate Word !
Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, LORD,
Before Thy Throne we sinners bend ;
To us Thy saving grace extend.

Eternal SPIRIT ! by Whose breath
The soul is raised from sin and death ;
Before Thy Throne we sinners bend ;
To us Thy quickening power extend.

Jehovah ! FATHER, SPIRIT, SON,
Mysterious Godhead ! THREE in ONE !
Before Thy Throne we sinners bend ;
Grace, pardon, life, to all extend.

All blessing, honour, glory, power,
To Thee, Whom all Thy saints adore,
Thy Church on earth, Thy heavenly host ;
Thee, FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST.

J. Cooper, 1812.

THE FIRST SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

The First Sunday after Trinity.

99 “*He hath given us of His Spirit, and we have seen, and do testify that the Father sent the Son to be the Saviour of the world.*”—THE EPISTLE.

ROUND the LORD in glory seated
Cherubim and Seraphim
Fill'd His temple, and repeated
Each to each th' alternate hymn :

“LORD, Thy glory fills the heaven,
“Earth is with its fulness stored ;
“Unto Thee be glory given,
“Holy, Holy, Holy LORD !”

Heaven is still with glory ringing,
Earth takes up the angels' cry,
“Holy, Holy, Holy,” singing,
“LORD of hosts, the LORD most High !”

With His seraph train before Him,
With His holy Church below,
Thus conspire we to adore Him,
Bid we thus our anthem flow :

“LORD, Thy glory fills the heaven,
“Earth is with its fulness stored ;
“Unto Thee be glory given,
“Holy, Holy, Holy LORD !”

Bishop Richard Mant, 1837. Abbreviated.

What can we render, LORD, to Thee
When all the worlds are Thine?

But Thou hast needy brethren here
Partakers of Thy grace,
Whose humble names Thou wilt co-
Before Thy FATHER'S face.

In them Thou may'st be clothed and
And visited, and cheered ;
And, in their accents of distress,
Thy pleading voice is heard.

LORD, help us then Thy yoke to wear
And joy to do Thy will ;
Each other's burdens gladly bear,
And love's sweet law fulfil.

Thy Face with reverence and with awe
We in Thy poor would see ;
For while we minister to them,
We do it, LORD, to Thee.

Do Thou, O LORD, our alms accept
And with Thy blessing speed ;
Bless us in giving . greatly bless

THE SECOND SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

The Second Sunday after Trinity.

101 "*Hereby perceive we the love of God."*—
 THE EPISTLE.

THOU hidden Love of GOD, Whose height,
Whose depth unfathom'd, no man knows ;
I see from far Thy beauteous light,
Only I sigh for Thy repose :
My heart is pain'd, nor can it be
At rest, till it finds rest in Thee.

Thy secret voice invites me still
The sweetness of Thy yoke to prove ;
And fain I would ; but though my will
Seems fix'd, yet wide my passions rove ;
Yet hindrances strew all the way ;
I aim at Thee, yet from Thee stray.

'Tis mercy all, that Thou hast brought
My mind to seek her peace in Thee ;
Yet while I seek, but find Thee not,
No peace my wandering soul shall see.
Oh, when shall all my wanderings end,
And all my steps to Thee-ward tend !

Is there a thing beneath the sun
That strives with Thee my heart to share ?
Ah, tear it thence, and reign alone,
The LORD of every motion there !
Then shall my heart from earth be free,
When it has found repose in Thee.

C. Wesley, 1749.

Eternal things impress :
Give me to feel their solemn weight
To tremble at the sinner's fate,
And wake to righteousness.

Be this my one great business here,
With holy jealousy and fear
To make my calling sure :
Thine utmost counsel to fulfil,
To suffer all Thy righteous will,
And to the end endure.

Then, SAVIOUR, then my soul receiv
Transported from this vale to live,
And reign with Thee above ;
With Thee, where faith is lost in sight,
And hope in full supreme delight,
And everlasting love.

To FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST
The GOD Whom heaven's triumphant
And holy men adore.—

THE THIRD SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

The Third Sunday after Trinity.

103 “*Joy shall be in heaven over one sinner that repenteſt.*”—THE GOSPEL.

RETURN, O wanderer, to thy home,
Thy FATHER calls for thee ;
No longer now an exile roam,
In guilt and misery :
Return, return !

Return, O wanderer, to thy home,
'Tis JESUS calls for thee ;
The SPIRIT and the Bride say, Come ;
Oh now for refuge flee :
Return, return !

Return, O wanderer, to thy home,
'Tis madness to delay ;
There are no pardons in the tomb,
And brief is mercy's day :
Return, return !

Thomas Hastings, 1834.

^{... world . we went a}
When I for help implor'd ;
He rescued me from all my fear,
Therefore I love the LORD.

Return, my soul, unto thy rest ;
From GOD no longer roam ;
His hand hath bountifully blest,
His goodness calls thee home.

What shall I render unto Thee,
My SAVIOUR in distress,
For all Thy benefits to me,
So great and numberless ?

The cup of blessing to my mouth
With grateful hand I'll raise ;
And in Thy public courts show for
My sacrifice of praise.

Henceforth to Thee myself I give,
And on Thy grace rely,
To walk before Thee while I live,
To bless Thee when I die.

THE FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

The Fourth Sunday after Trinity.

105 “Waiting for the adoption.”—THE EPISTLE.

JE^RUSALEM, my happy home,
Name ever dear to me !
When shall my labours have an end,
In joy, and peace, and thee ?

When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls,
And pearly gates behold ?
Thy bulwarks, with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold ?

There happier bow’rs than Eden bloom,
Nor sin, nor sorrow know :
Blest seats ! through rude and stormy scenes,
I onward press to you.

Why should I shrink from pain and woe,
Or feel at death dismay ?
I’ve Canaan’s goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.

Apostles, Martyrs, Prophets, there
Around my SAVIOUR stand :
And soon my friends in CHRIST below
Will join the glorious band.

Jerusalem, my happy home !
My soul still longs for thee :
Then shall my labours have an end,
When I thy joys shall see.

Anon., 1801.

THE BRIGHTEST OF THE DAY,
The crimson of the sunset sky,
How fast they fade away ! .
Oh ! for the pearly gates of heaven
Oh ! for the golden floor !
Oh ! for the Sun of Righteousness
That setteth nevermore !

The highest hopes we cherish here,
How fast they tire and faint !
How many a spot defiles the robe
That wraps an earthly saint !
Oh ! for a heart that never sins !
Oh ! for a soul wash'd white !
Oh ! for a voice to praise our King :
Nor weary day nor night !

Here faith is ours, and heavenly hope
And grace to lead us higher :
But there are perfectness and peace
Beyond our best desire.

THE FIFTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

The Fifth Sunday after Trinity.

107 “*That Thy Church may joyfully serve Thee in all godly quietness.*”—THE COLLECT.

LORD GOD, the HOLY GHOST !
In this accepted hour,
As on the day of Pentecost,
Descend in all Thy power.
We meet, with one accord,
In this, Thy holy place,
And wait the promise of our LORD,
The SPIRIT of all grace.

Like mighty rushing wind
Upon the waves beneath,
Move with one impulse every mind ;
One soul, one feeling breathe.
The young, the old, inspire
With wisdom from above ;
And give us hearts and tongues of fire
To pray, and praise, and love.

SPIRIT of Light ! explore
And chase our gloom away,
With lustre shining more and more
Unto the perfect day :
SPIRIT of Truth ! be Thou
In life and death our guilde ;
O SPIRIT of Adoption ! now
May we be sanctified.

James Montgomery, 1819.

— And put your armour on,
Strong in the strength which GOD sup
Through His Eternal SON.

Strong in the LORD of Hosts,
And in His mighty power.
Who in the strength of JESUS trusts
Is more than conqueror.

Stand, then, in His great might,
With all His strength endued ;
And take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of GOD.

JESUS hath died for you,
What can His love withstand ?
Believe, hold fast your shield, and who
Can pluck you from His hand ?

From strength to strength go on,
Wrestle, and fight, and pray,
Tread all the powers of darkness down,
And win the well-fought day.

Then, having all things done.

THE SIXTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

The Sixth Sunday after Trinity.

109 “*If we be dead with Christ, we believe that we shall also live with Him.*”—THE EPISTLE.

“**N**EARGER, my GOD, to Thee !” Hear Thou
my prayer.

E'en though a heavy cross fainting I bear,
Still all my prayer shall be,

“ Nearer, my GOD, to Thee ; nearer to Thee !”

If, where they led my LORD, I too am borne,
Planting my steps in His, weary and worn ;

May the path carry me

“ Nearer, my GOD, to Thee ; nearer to Thee !”

If Thou the cup of pain givest to drink,
Let not my trembling lip from the draught shrink ;
So by my woes to be

“ Nearer, my GOD, to Thee ; nearer to Thee !”

Though the great battle rage hotly around,
Still where my Captain fights let me be found ;

Through toils and strife to be

“ Nearer, my GOD, to Thee ; nearer to Thee !”

When, my course finish'd, I breathe my last
breath,

Ent'ring the shadowy valley of death,

Even there shall I be

“ Nearer, my GOD, to Thee ; nearer to Thee !”

And when Thou, LORD, once more glorious shalt
come,

Oh, for a dwelling-place in Thy bright home,
Through all eternity,

“ Nearer, my GOD, to Thee ; nearer to Thee !”

S. F. Adams, rewritten by W. W. How, 1868.

Oh let me, though opprest w
Thy wonted mercy find.

Wash off my foul offence,
And cleanse me from my s
For I confess my crime, and
How great my guilt has be

Could sacrifice atone,
Whole flocks and herds mig
But on such off'rings Thou di
To cast a gracious eye.

A wounded spirit is
By Thee most highly priz'd :
By Thee a broken, contrite he:
Shall never be despis'd.

Withdraw not Thou Thy hel
Nor cast me from Thy sight
Nor let Thy HOLY SPIRIT take
Its everlasting flight.

THE SEVENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

• The Seventh Sunday after Trinity. •

III "The wages of sin is death."—THE EPISTLE.

O THOU, Whose tender mercy hears
 Contrition's humble sigh,
Whose hand indulgent wipes the tears
 From sorrow's weeping eye ;

See, low before Thy throne of grace,
 A wretched wanderer mourn ;
Hast Thou not bid me seek Thy face ?
 Hast Thou not said, Return ?

And shall my guilty fears prevail
 To drive me from Thy feet ?
Oh ! let not this dear refuge fail,
 This only safe retreat !

Absent from Thee, my Guide, my Light,
 Without one cheering ray,
Through dangers, fears, and gloomy night,
 How desolate my way !

Oh shine on this benighted heart,
 With beams of mercy shine !
And let Thy gentle voice impart
 A hope of joys Divine !

Thy presence only can bestow
 Delights which never cloy ;
Be this my solace here below,
 And my eternal joy !

Anne Steele, 1760.

THE LORD my pasture shall pro-
 And feed me with a Shepherd
His presence shall my wants suppl
And guard me with a watchful eye
My noon-day walks He shall atten-
And all my midnight hours defend.

When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary, wandering steps He lea-
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slo-
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious lonely wilds I stra-
Thy bounty shall my wants beguile
The barren wilderness shall smile
With leafy plants and herbage crov
And streams shall murmur all arou:

THE EIGHTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

The Eighth Sunday after Trinity.

113 “*Whose never-failing providence ordereth all things both in heaven and earth.*”—THE COLLECT.

PUT thou thy trust in GOD ;
In duty's path go on ;
Walk in His strength with faith and hope,
So shall thy work be done.

Commit thy ways to Him ;
Thy works into His hands ;
And rest on His unchanging Word,
Who heaven and earth commands.

Who points the clouds their course,
Whom winds and seas obey,
He shall direct thy wandering feet,
He shall prepare thy way.

Though years on years roll on,
His cov'nant shall endure ;
Though clouds and darkness hide His path,
The promis'd grace is sure.

Through waves, and clouds, and storms,
His power will clear thy way :
Wait thou His time ; the darkest night
Shall end in brightest day.

To FATHER, SPIRIT, SON,
Whom angel-hosts adore ;
Give worship, honour, glory, power,
Both now and evermore.

*Variation by W. J. Hall, 1836, from John Wesley, 1739,
from Paul Gerhardt.*

. **heaven,**

In power and wrath He came
Before His feet the clouds were
Half darkness and half flame.

Around the trembling mountain's
The prostrate people lay ;
A day of wrath, and not of grace
A dim and dreadful day.

But when He came the second time
He came in power and love ;
Softer than gale at morning prim
Hover'd His holy Dove.

The fires, that rush'd on Sinai down
In sudden torrents dread,
Now gently light, a glorious crown
On every sainted head.

Like arrows went those lightning
Wing'd with the sinner's doom
But these, like tongues, o'er all them
Proclaiming life to come.

And as on Israel's awe-struck ear

THE NINTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

Nor doth the outward ear alone
At that high warning start ;
Conscience gives back th' appalling tone,
'Tis echoed in the heart.

It fills the Church of GOD ; It fills
The sinful world around ;
Only in stubborn hearts and wills
No place for It is found.

Come LORD, come Wisdom, Love, and Power,
Open our ears to hear ;
Let us not miss th' accepted hour ;
Save, LORD, by love or fear.

John Keble, 1827.

The Ninth Sunday after Trinity.

115 “Who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able.”—THE EPISTLE.

O THOU, from Whom all goodness flows,
I lift my heart to Thee ;
In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
O LORD, remember me !

When on my aching, burdened heart
My sins lie heavily,
Thy pardon grant, Thy peace impart,
In love remember me !

When trials sore obstruct my way,
And ills I cannot flee,
Oh, let my strength be as my day,
For good remember me !

If worn with pain, disease, and grief,
This feeble frame should be ;
Give patience, rest, and kind relief,
Hear, and remember me !

When in the solemn hour of death
I wait Thy just decree,
Be this the prayer of my last breath
Good LORD, remember me !

Thomas H.

116 "*They drank of that spiritual Rock t.
them : and that Rock was Christ.*"—TH

GLORIOUS things of Thee are
Sion, city of our God ;
He, Whose word can ne'er be brok,
Formed thee for His own abode
On the Rock of Ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou may'st smile at all thy foes

Thine the streams of living waters
Springing from the throne above
Thither speed thy sons and daughters
There all thirst they slake in love

THE TENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

From their banner thus deriving
Light by night, and shade by day,
Bread from heaven, all heart-reviving,
For their daily food have they.

SAVIOUR, we of Sion's city
Members through Thy grace became ;
Though the world deride or pity,
We will glory in Thy Name.
Fading is the worldling's pleasure,
All his boasted pomp and show ;
Solid joys and lasting treasure
None but Sion's children know.

Variation from John Newton, 1779.

The Tenth Sunday after Trinity.

117 "If thou hadst known, even thou, at least in this thy day."—THE GOSPEL.

L ORD, in this Thy mercy's day,
Ere it pass for aye away,
On our knees we fall and pray.

Holy JESU, grant us tears,
Fill us with heart-searching fears,
Ere the day of doom appears.

LORD, on us Thy SPIRIT pour,
Kneeling lowly at the door
Ere it close for evermore.

By Thy night of agony,
By Thy supplicating cry,
By Thy willingness to die—

Lest we lose this day of grace,
And be banished from Thy face.
Isaac Williams, 1839.

18 “*My house is the house of prayer.*”—THE.

GREAT is the LORD our GOD ;
Let all adore, and fear ;
He makes the Church His own abode
To set His glory there.

These temples of His grace,
How beautiful they stand !
The honours of our native place ;
The bulwarks of our land.

For GOD defends His fold ;
He keeps and feeds His own ;
Our fathers have His wonders told,
And we His grace have known.

In joy and in distress
We to His House repair :

THE ELEVENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

The Eleventh Sunday after Trinity.

119 “*He that humbleth himself shall be exalted.*”—
THE GOSPEL.

BLEST are the pure in heart,
For they shall see their GOD ;
The secret of the LORD is theirs ;
Their soul is CHRIST’S abode.

The LORD, Who left the heavens
Our life and peace to bring,
To dwell in lowliness with men,
Their Pattern and their King ;

He to the lowly soul
Doth still Himself impart ;
And for His dwelling and His throne
Chooseth the pure in heart.

LORD, we Thy presence seek ;
May ours this blessing be ;
Give us a pure and lowly heart,
A temple meet for Thee.

All glory, LORD, to Thee,
Whom heaven and earth adore ;
To FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,
One GOD for evermore.

*1st and 3rd verses by John Keble, 1827. The 2nd and 4th
by W. J. Hall or E. Osler, 1836.*

Accepted at Thy throne let this
My humble prayer arise :—

“ Give me a calm and thankful heart,
From ev’ry murmur free ;
The blessings of Thy grace impart,
And make me live to Thee.

“ Let the blest hope that Thou art mi
My life and death attend ;
Thy presence through my journey shi
And crown my journey’s end.”

Anne Steele, 1760. Abb,

The Twelfth Sunday after Trinity.

21 “ *If the ministration of death was glorious . . .
not the ministration of the Spirit be rat
rious ?”*—THE EPISTLE.

THE LORD of Might from Sinai’s b
Gave forth His voice of thunder ;
And Israel lay on earth below,
Outstretched in fear and wonder :

THE TWELFTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

For us He bore the weight of woe,
For us He gave His blood to flow,
And met His FATHER'S anger.

The LORD of Love, the LORD of Might,
The King of all created,
Shall back return to claim His right
On clouds of glory seated ;
With trumpet-sound, and angel-song,
And hallelujahs loud and long,
O'er death and hell defeated.

Bishop Reginald Heber, 1827.

122 “*Let a double portion of thy spirit be upon me.*”—
1st LESSON, Aft.

LORD, pour Thy SPIRIT from on high,
And Thine ordainèd servants bless ;
Graces and gifts to each supply,
And clothe Thy priests with righteousness.

Within Thy Temple when they stand,
To teach the truth as taught by Thee,
SAVIOUR, like stars in Thy right hand,
Let all Thy Church's pastors be.

Wisdom, and zeal, and love impart,
Firmness and meekness from above,
To bear Thy people in their heart,
And love the souls whom Thou dost love :

To watch, and pray, and never faint,
By day and night their guard to keep,
To warn the sinner, cheer the saint,
To feed Thy lambs, and tend Thy sheep.

The Thirteenth Sunday after Trinity.

123 “*He had compassion on him, and went to bound up his wounds.*”—THE GOSPEL.

MY Maker and my King !
What thanks to Thee I owe
Thy sovereign bounty is the spring,
Whence all my blessings flow.

The creature of Thy hand,
On Thee alone I live ;
My GOD, Thy benefits demand
More praise than tongue can give.

O ever good and kind !
My best affections move ;
With holy thoughts inspire my mind,
And warm my heart to love.

To succour those in need,
My grateful breast incline :
Yet let me never boast the deed,
For all I give is Thine.

THIRTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

124 “*Fear not, for they that be with us are more than they that be with them.*”—1st LESSON, Aft.

O GOD, most high ! the soul that knows
Thine all-sustaining power,
Shall dwell in undisturbed repose,
Nor fear the trying hour.

Angels unseen, attend Thy saints,
And bear them in their arms,
To cheer the spirit when it faints,
And guard their life from harms.

And Thou, Almighty GOD, art nigh
To them that love Thy Name ;
Thy power shall save them when they cry,
And put their foes to shame.

Crosses and trials are their lot
Through all their sojourn here ;
But SAVIOUR, since Thou changest not,
Thy saints should never fear.

To FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,
One Consubstantial Three,
All highest praise, all humblest thanks,
Now and for ever be !

John Newton, 1779. Varied by W. J. Hall, 1836.

RTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

The Fourteenth Sunday after Trinity.

"Led by the Spirit."—THE EPISTLE.

OUR blest Redeemer, ere He breathed
His tender last farewell,
Guide, a Comforter, bequeathed
With us to dwell.

came in semblance of a Dove,
With sheltering wings outspread,
Holy balm of peace and love
On earth to shed.

came sweet influence to impart,
Gracious, willing Guest,
He can find one humble heart
Wherein to rest.

His that gentle voice we hear,
Soft as the breath of even,
It guards each thought, that calms each fear,
And speaks of heaven.

every virtue we possess

FOURTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

126 "*And Elisha died, and they buried him."*—
1st LESSON, Even.

AND am I only born to die?
And must I suddenly comply
With nature's stern decree?
What after death for me remains?—
Celestial joys or bitter pains,
To all eternity!

How ought I then on earth to live,
While GOD prolongs the kind reprieve
And spares this house of clay?
My sole concern, my single care,
To watch, and tremble, and prepare,
Against that awful day.

JESUS, vouchsafe a pitying ray;
Be Thou my Guide, be Thou my Way,
To glorious happiness:
Oh write Thy pardon on my heart,
And whensoever I depart,
Let me depart in peace!

To FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,—
The GOD Whom heaven's triumphant host
And holy men adore,—
Be glory as in ages past,
As now it is, and so shall last,
When time shall be no more.

Charles Wesley, 1763.

our Lord jesus

LORD JESU, when we stand afar
And gaze upon Thy Holy Cross,
In love of Thee and scorn of self,
Oh, may we count the world as loss.

When we behold Thy bleeding wound
And the rough way that Thou hast trod,
Make us to hate the load of sin
That lay so heavy on our GOD.

O holy LORD ! uplifted high
With outstretched arms, in mortal woe,
Embracing in Thy wondrous love
The sinful world that lies below—

Give us an ever living faith
To gaze beyond the things we see ;
And in the mystery of Thy death
Draw us and all men unto Thee !

William Walsham H

128 “ *Take therefore no thought for the morrow*
THE GOSPEL.

SIXTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

Beyond this vale of tears
There is a life above,
Unmeasured by the flight of years ;
And all that life is love.

There is a death, whose pang
Outlasts the fleeting breath :
Oh, what eternal horrors hang
Around "the second death" !

LORD GOD of truth and grace,
Teach us that death to shun,
Lest we be banished from Thy face,
For evermore undone.

Here would we end our quest :
Alone are found in Thee
The life of perfect love, the rest
Of immortality !

James Montgomery, 1819.

The Sixteenth Sunday after Trinity.

29 “To know the love of Christ which passeth knowledge.”—THE EPISTLE.

LET me be with Thee where Thou art,
My SAVIOUR, my eternal Rest !
Then only will this longing heart
Be fully and for ever blest !

Let me be with Thee where Thou art,
Thine unveil'd glory to behold ;
Then only will this wandering heart
Cease to be treacherous, faithless, cold !

Let me be with Thee where Thou art,
Where spotless saints Thy Name adore ;
Then only will this sinful heart
Be evil and defiled no more !

Me from thy presence and thy love.
Charlotte Ell

|30

"Yet will I gather them from thence."
1st LESSON, Aft.

FAR from my heavenly home,
Far from my FATHER'S brea
Fainting I cry, "Blest SPIRIT! con
And speed me to my rest!"

My spirit homeward turns,
And fain would thither flee;
My heart, O Zion, droops and yearns
When I remember thee.

To thee, to thee I press,
A dark and toilsome road:
When shall I pass the wilderness
And reach the saints' abode?

God of my life, be near!

SEVENTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

The Seventeenth Sunday after Trinity.

131 “Shall not my soul be avenged on such a nation
as this?”—*1st LESSON, Matt.*

DRINK JEHOVAH, GOD of nations,
Throned in power above the skies !
Let Thy people’s supplications
To Thy mercy-seat arise.

Lo, with deep contrition turning,
Humbly at Thy feet we bend ;
See us weeping, praying, mourning ;
Hear us, pardon, and defend.

Though our sins, our hearts confounding,
Loudly for Thy vengeance call,
Thou hast mercy more abounding ;
JESUS’ Blood can cleanse from all.

Pardon, LORD, our past transgression ;
O'er us stretch Thy saving hand ;
Save Thy people from oppression ;
Guard Thy Church, and bless our land.

Praise the GOD of all creation !
Praise the FATHER’s boundless love !
Praise the LAMB, our Expiation,
Priest and King enthroned above !

Praise the Fountain of Salvation,
Him by Whom our spirits live :
Undivided adoration
To the One JEHOVAH give.

Anon., 1804.

NTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINIT.

"One Lord, one Faith, one Baptism."
THE EPISTLE.

THE Church's One Foundation
Is JESUS CHRIST her LORD :
She is His new creation
 By water and the Word ;
From heaven He came and sought her
 To be His holy Bride,
With His own Blood He bought her,
 And for her life He died.
Elect from every nation,
 Yet one o'er all the earth,
Her charter of salvation
 One LORD, one Faith, one Birth ;
One Holy Name she blesses,
 Partakes one Holy Food,
And to one Hope she presses,
 With every grace endued.
Though with a scornful wonder
 Men see her sore opprest,
By schisms rent asunder,

EIGHTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

Yet she on earth hath union
With GOD the THREE IN ONE ;
And mystic sweet communion
With those whose rest is won.
With all her sons and daughters,
Who, by the Master's hand
Led through the deathly waters,
Repose in Eden-land.

Oh, happy ones and holy !
LORD, give us grace that we
Like them, the meek and lowly,
On high may dwell with Thee !
There past the border mountains,
Where in sweet vales the Bride
With Thee by living fountains
For ever shall abide.

S. J. Stone, 1873. (By permission.)

The Eighteenth Sunday after Trinity.

133 “Waiting for the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ.”
THE EPISTLE.

MY faith looks up to Thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
SAVIOUR divine !
Now hear me while I pray ;
Take all my guilt away ;
Oh let me from this day
Be wholly Thine !

May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire !

(133)

While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
 Be Thou my Guide !
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
 From Thee aside.

When ends life's transient drear,
When death's cold sullen stream
 Shall o'er me roll ;
Blest SAVIOUR ! then in love
Fear and distrust remove ;
Oh bear me safe above,
 A ransomed soul !

Ray i

134 “*Blameless in the day of our Lord*”
THE EPISTLE.

THINE for ever ! GOD of love
 Hear us from Thy throne a
Thine for ever may we be,
Here, and in eternity !

NINETEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

Thine for ever ! SAVIOUR, keep
Us, Thy frail and trembling sheep ;
Safe alone beneath Thy care,
Let us all Thy goodness share.

Thine for ever ! Thou our Guide,
All our wants by Thee supplied,
All our sins by Thee forgiven,
Lead us, LORD, from earth to heaven.

Mary Fowler Maude, 1863.

The Nineteenth Sunday after Trinity.

135 “*And Jesus seeing their faith saith unto the sick of the palsy, Son, be of good cheer, thy sins be forgiven thee.*”—THE GOSPEL.

THINE arm, O LORD, in days of old
Was strong to heal and save ;
It triumphed o'er disease and death,
O'er darkness and the grave ;
To Thee they went, the blind, the dumb,
The palsied and the lame,
The leper with his tainted life,
The sick with fevered frame.

And lo, Thy touch brought life and health,
Gave speech, and strength, and sight ;
And youth renewed and frenzy calmed
Owned Thee, the LORD of Light ;
And now, O LORD, be near to bless,
Almighty as of yore,
In crowded street, by restless couch,
As by Gennesareth's shore.

..... whole and sick, and weak and st
May praise Thee evermore.

E. H. Plumptre, 1874. At

136 “*The Son of man hath power on earth to
sins.*”—THE GOSPEL.

JESUS, Refuge of my soul,
Let me to Thy shelter fly
While the raging billows roll,
While the tempest still is high :
Hide me, O my SAVIOUR, hide,
Till the storm of life be past ;
Safe into the haven guide ;
Oh receive my soul at last !

Other refuge have I none ;
Rests my helpless soul on Thee ;
Leave, ah leave me not alone ;
Still support and comfort me !
All my trust on Thee is stayed ;
All my help from Thee I bring ;
Cover my defences.

TWENTIETH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

Thou of life the Fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee ;
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

C. Wesley, 1749. Varied.

The Twentieth Sunday after Trinity.

37 “*Redeeming the time.*”—THE EPISTLE

SEE the leaves around us falling,
Dry and withered, to the ground,
Thus to thoughtless mortals calling
With a sad and solemn sound :—
“ Sons of Adam—once in Eden,
Where, like us, he blighted fell—
Hear the lesson we are reading ;
Mark the awful truth we tell !

“ Ye, on length of days presuming,
Who the paths of pleasure tread,
View us,—late in beauty blooming,—
Numbered now among the dead.”
On the tree of life eternal
Oh let all our hopes be laid :
This alone, for ever vernal,
Bears a leaf that shall not fade.

Worship, honour, glory, blessing,
LORD, we offer to Thy Name :
Young and old their praise expressing,
Join Thy goodness to proclaim.
As the saints in heaven adore Thee,
We would bow before Thy throne ;
As the angels serve before Thee,
So on earth Thy will be done !

George Horne, 1808. Doxology by E. Osler, 1836.

With joyful heart and tongue
Sing with harps unto the LORI
With cornets' and with trumpets'
All the earth with one accord,
JEHOVAH'S praise resound.

His right hand and holy arm,
Omnipotently nigh,
Shields His saints from every !
And gives the victory.
Marvellous in power and love
Is everything which GOD hath d^e
All mankind His goodness prov^e
Who gave His only SON.

Clap your hands, ye rolling flo
And thou, O ocean, roar !
Wave in concert, O ye woods !
Ye mountain heights, adore !
Shout in joy before the LORD,
Who comes in righteousness to r
Shout for Paradise restored,
And love to GOD and man !
Sing we merrily to GOD.

TWENTY-FIRST SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

The Twenty-First Sunday after Trinity.

139 *Put on the whole armour of God."*—THE EPISTLE.

OFT in danger, oft in woe,
Onward, Christians, onward go,
Bear the toil, maintain the strife,
Strengthened with the Bread of Life.

Onward, Christians, onward go ;
Join the war, and face the foe ;
Faint not ! much doth yet remain ;
Dreary is the long campaign.

Shrink not, Christians ! will ye yield ?
Will ye quit the painful field ?
Will ye flee in danger's hour ?
Know ye not your Captain's power ?

Let your drooping hearts be glad ;
March in heavenly armour clad ;
Fight, nor think the battle long ;
Victory soon shall wake your song.

Let not sorrow dim your eye,
Soon shall every tear be dry ;
Let not fear your course impede ;
Great your strength, if great your need.

Onward then to battle move ;
More than conquerors ye shall prove ;
Though opposed by many a foe,
Christian soldiers, onward go.

*Variation from Henry Kirke White, 1806, and
F. F. Maitland, 1827.*

A thousand bright lamps shon
O'er that high festival.
A thousand cups of gold,
In Judah deemed divine—
JEHOVAH'S vessels hold
The godless heathen's wine !

In that same hour and hall,
The fingers of a hand
Came forth against the wall,
And wrote as if on sand :
The fingers of a man ;—
A solitary hand
Along the letters ran,
And traced them like a wand.
The monarch saw, and shook,
And bade no more rejoice ;
All bloodless waxed his look,
And tremulous his voice.
“ Let the men of lore appear.
The wisest of the earth,
And expound the words of fear
Which mar our royal mirth.”

TWENTY-SECOND SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

A captive in the land,
A stranger and a youth,
He heard the king's command,
He saw that writing's truth.
The lamps around were bright,
The prophecy in view ;
He read it on that night,—
The morrow proved it true.

“ Belshazzar’s grave is made,
His kingdom passed away,
He, in the balance weighed,
Is light and worthless clay.
The shroud, his robe of state,
His canopy the stone ;
The Mede is at his gate !
The Persian on his throne ! ”

Lord Byron, 1828.

The Twenty-Second Sunday after Trinity.

141 “ *His dominion is an everlasting dominion which shall not pass away.* ”—*1st LESSON, Aft.*

REJOICE, the LORD is King !
Your LORD and King adore ;
His glorious conquests sing,
And triumph evermore.
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice ;
Rejoice, ye saints of GOD, rejoice.

JESUS the SAVIOUR reigns,
The GOD of truth and love ;
When He had purged our stains,
He claimed His throne above :
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice ;
Rejoice, ye saints of GOD, rejoice.

Rejoice, ye saints of GOD, re

He sits at GOD'S right han
Till all His foes submit,
And bow to His command.
Or fall beneath His feet :
Lift up your heart, lift up yo
Rejoice, ye saints of GOD, re

Rejoice, the LORD will con
Triumphant from the skies.
And glorious from the tom
Shall all His saints arise :
Lift up your heart, lift up yo
Rejoice, ye saints of GOD, re

Variation from

142 "*Of them that sleep in the dust
awake, some to everlasting life
and everlasting contempt.*" —15

WEARY of earth and laden w

TWENTY-SECOND SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

The while I fain would tread the heavenly way,
Evil is ever with me day by day ;
Yet on mine ears the gracious tidings fall,
“ Repent, confess, thou shalt be loosed from all.”

It is the voice of JESUS that I hear,
His are the Hands stretched out to draw me near.
And His the Blood that can for all atone,
And set me faultless there before the Throne.

‘Twas He Who found me on the deathly wild,
And made me heir of heaven, the FATHER’S child,
And day by day, whereby my soul may live,
Gives me His grace of pardon, and will give.

O great Absolver, grant my soul may wear
The lowliest garb of penitence and prayer,
That in the FATHER’S courts my glorious dress
May be the garment of Thy righteousness.

Yea, Thou wilt answer for me, Righteous LORD :
Thine all the merits, mine the great reward ;
Thine the sharp thorns, and mine the golden crown,
Mine the life won, and Thine the life laid down.

Naught can I bring, dear LORD, for all I owe,
Yet let my full heart what it can bestow ;
Like Mary’s gift, let my devotion prove,
Forgiven greatly, how I greatly love.

Rev. S. J. Stone, 1873. (By permission.)

DAY of Judgment, day of wonders
Hark, the trumpet's awful soun
Louder than ten thousand thunders,
Shakes the vast creation round !
How the summons
Will the sinner's heart confound !

See the Judge, our nature wearing,
Robed in majesty divine !—
Ye, who long for His appearing,
Then shall in His glory shine !—
Gracious SAVIOUR !
Own me in that day for Thine !

At His call the dead awaken,
Rise to life from earth, and see
All the powers of nature, shaken,
Hasten from His face to flee :
Careless sinner !
What will then become of thee ?

But to all who have confessed.

TWENTY-THIRD SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

144 "*Put ye in the sickle: the harvest is ripe."*"
1st LESSON, Even.

THE angel comes ! he comes to reap
 The harvest of the LORD :
O'er all the earth, with fatal sweep,
 Wide waves his flaming sword.

And who are they in sheaves, to bide
 The fire of vengeance, bound ?—
The tares, whose rank luxuriant pride
 Choked the fair crop around.

And who are they reserved in store
 GOD'S treasure-house to fill ?
The wheat, a hundred fold that bore
 Amid surrounding ill.

O King of mercy ! grant us power
 Thy fiery wrath to flee :
In Thy destroying angel's hour,
 Oh gather us to Thee !

To FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,
 The GOD Whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
 And shall be evermore.

Henry Hart Milman, 1827.

LORD, when we bend before Thee
And our confessions pour,
Teach us to feel the sins we owe
And hate what we deplore.

Our broken spirits, pitying, see ;
True penitence impart ;
Then let a kindling glance from
Beam hope upon the heart.

When we disclose our wants in
May we our wills resign ;
And not a thought our bosom's
Which is not wholly Thine.

Let faith each meek petition fill
And waft it to the skies ;
And teach our hearts 'tis goodn
That grants it or denies.

TWENTY-FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

146 “*The day of the Lord is darkness and not light.*”
1st LESSON, Aft.

J EHOVAH hath spoken ! the nations shall
hear ;

From the east to the west shall His glory appear ;
With thunders and tempest to judgment He'll
come ;

And all men before Him shall wait for their doom.

Thou formal professor—thou saint but in name !
Where now wilt thou cover thy guilt and thy
shame,

When thy sin, long concealed, shall be blazoned
abroad,

And thy conscience shall echo the sentence of
GOD !

Woe, woe to the sinners ! to what shall they trust
In the day of GOD'S vengeance, the holy and just ?
How meet all the terrors that flame in His path,
When the mountains shall melt at the glance of
His wrath ?

O GOD ! ere the day of Thy mercy be past,
With trembling our souls on that mercy we cast :
Oh guide us in wisdom ; Thine aid we implore ;
That with angels in heaven we Thee may adore.

Edward Osler, 1836.

was : and when I gave it."—1st LESSON, Matt.

A FEW more years shall ro
A few more seasons com
And we shall be with those that
Asleep within the tomb.
Then, gracious LORD, prepare
Our souls for that dread day;
Oh wash us in Thy precious blo
And take our sins away.

A few more struggles here,
A few more partings o'er,
A few more toils, a few more te
And we shall weep no more.
Then, gracious LORD, prepare
Our souls for that bright day
Oh wash us in Thy precious blo
And take our sins away.

Yet, but a little while,
And He shall come again,
~~who died~~ that we might live,

TWENTY-FIFTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

148 “*This is of a truth that Prophet that should come into the world.*”—THE GOSPEL.

THOU art the Way ! by Thee alone
From sin and death we flee ;
And he who would the FATHER seek,
Must seek Him, LORD, by Thee.

Thou art the Truth ! Thy Word alone
True wisdom can impart ;
Thou only canst instruct the mind,
And purify the heart.

Thou art the Life ! the empty tomb
Proclaims Thy conqu'ring arm ;
And those who put their trust in Thee,
Nor death nor hell shall harm.

JESUS, the Way, the Truth, the Life !
To us that wisdom give,
By Thee to seek the FATHER'S face,
In Thee alone to live.

To FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,
One Consubstantial Three,
All highest praise, all humblest thanks,
Now and for ever be.

Bishop Doane, 1824.

LO, round the Throne, a glorious host
The saints in countless myriads stand,
Of every tongue redeemed to GOD,
Arrayed in garments washed in blood.

Through tribulation great they came;
They bore the cross, despised the shame;
From all their labours now they rest,
In GOD'S eternal glory blest.

They see their SAVIOUR face to face;
And sing the triumphs of His grace;
Him day and night they ceaseless praise,
To Him the loud thanksgiving raise.

"Worthy the LAMB, for sinners slain,
Through endless years to live and reign;
Thou hast redeemed us by Thy blood,
And made us kings and priests to GOD."

S. THOMAS THE APOSTLE.

S. Thomas the Apostle.

150 “*Blessed are they that have not seen and yet have believed.*”—THE GOSPEL.

PALMS of glory, raiment bright,
Crowns that never fade away,
Gird and deck the saints in light,
Priests, and kings, and conquerors they.

Yet the conquerors bring their palms
To the LAMB amidst the throne,
And proclaim in joyful psalms
Victory through His cross alone.

Kings for harps their crowns resign,
Crying, as they strike the chords,
“Take the kingdom, it is Thine,
King of kings, and LORD of lords !”

Round the altar priests confess,
If their robes are white as snow,
‘Twas the SAVIOUR’S righteousness,
And His blood, that made them so.

Who were these? on earth they dwelt;
Sinners once, of Adam’s race;
Guilt, and doubt, and suffering felt;
But were saved by sovereign grace.

They were mortal, too, like us:
Ah! when we, like them, must die,
May our souls translated thus,
Triumph, reign, and shine on high!

James Montgomery, 1853

151 “Behold, we have forsaken all, and
THE GOSPEL.

BE thou faithful unto death
Maintain the glorious st
Battle to thy latest breath,
To win the Crown of Life
JESUS holds the glittering pri
For all that to the end endure
Onward, upward, toward the
And victory is sure.

Strong thou art, in strength c
To conquer every foe ;
Earth and hell in vain combi
To lay the Christian low.
In the heart where JESUS dw
Sweetly with His presence blest
Holy courage ever swells,
And fills and fires the brea

Be thou faithful unto death,
Till every foe subdued

PURIFICATION OF S. MARY THE VIRGIN.

The Purification of S. Mary the Virgin.

152 “*The Lord whom ye seek shall suddenly come to His Temple.*”—THE EPISTLE.

O SION open wide thy gates ;
Let figures disappear ;
A Priest and Victim both in one,
The Truth Himself is here.

No more the simple flock shall bleed.—
Behold the FATHER'S SON
Himself to His own Altar comes
For sinners to atone.

Conscious of hidden Deity,
The lowly Virgin brings
Her new-born babe with two young doves,
Her tender offerings.

The hoary Simeon sees at last
His LORD so long desired,
And hails, with Anna, Israel's hope,
With sudden rapture fired.

But silent knelt the Mother blest
Of the yet silent Word ;
And pondering all things in her heart,
With speechless praise adored.

Praise to the FATHER, with the SON,
And HOLY SPIRIT be ;
Praise to the blessed THREE in ONE,
Through all eternity.

Rev. E. Caswall, 1873. From the Latin.

(153)

J ERUSALEM, my happy home,
When shall I come to Thee?
When shall my sorrows have an end ?
Thy joys when shall I see ?

O happy harbour of the saints !
O sweet and pleasant soil !
In thee no sorrow may be found,
No grief, no care, no toil.

There lust for lucre cannot dwell
There envy bears no sway ;
There is no hunger, heat, nor cold
But pleasure every way.

Thy walls are made of precious stones :
Thy bulwarks diamonds square
Thy gates are of right orient pearl
Exceeding rich and rare.

Thy turrets and thy pinnacles
With carbuncles do shine ;
Thy very streets are paved with

ANNUNCIATION OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

The Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

154 “*That holy thing which shall be born of thee shall be called the Son of God.*”—THE GOSPEL.

VIRGIN-BORN ! we bow before Thee,
Blessed was the womb that bore Thee,
Mary, Maid and Mother mild,
Blessed was she in her Child.

Blessed was the breast that fed Thee,
Blessed was the hand that led Thee,
Blessed was the parent’s eye,
Watching o’er Thine infancy.

Blessed she by all creation,
Who brought forth the world’s Salvation ;
But beyond all others blest
They who love and serve Thee best.

Virgin-born ! we bow before Thee,
Blessed was the womb that bore Thee,
Mary, Maid and Mother mild,
Blessed was she in her Child.

Bishop Heber, 1827. Varied.

your joy might be full."—THE C

THREE is a land of rest,
And undisturbed repose,
Where the pure river of the sun
Through flowery pastures flows,
Where all is joyous calm,
And odorous perfume,
And the reposing victor's pal
Is evermore in bloom.

No throbbing breast is there,
Nor agonizing smart ;
No forehead wrinkled by despair,
Nor madly aching heart ;
No lonely, long-drawn sigh,
Nor sorrow's hopeless tears,
Rolling from dim and languid eyes,
That wept for fourscore years.

No fierce and lawless flash
Of young and headlong sin,
No war-sword, with its reekin steel,
Nor battle's horrid din ;

S. PHILIP AND S. JAMES'S DAY.

Each wild wave bravely stem,
Let courage man thy breast ;
There is a victor's diadem,
There is a land of rest.

From the Lyra Sabbatica, by Benjamin Gough, 1868.

S. Philip and S. James's Day.

56 “*In My Father's house are many mansions.*”
THE GOSPEL.

WHAT are these in bright array,
This innumerable throng,
Round the altar night and day,
Hymning one triumphant song ?
“Worthy is the LAMB, once slain,
Blessing, honour, glory, power,
Wisdom, riches to obtain,
New dominion every hour.”

These through fiery trials trod ;
These from great affliction came ;
Now before the throne of GOD,
Sealed with His Almighty name,
Clad in raiment pure and white,
Victor-palms in every hand,
Through their dear REDEEMER'S might,
More than conquerors they stand.

Hunger, thirst, disease unknown,
On immortal fruits they feed :
Them the LAMB amidst the throne
Shall to living fountains lead :
Joy and gladness banish sighs,
Perfect love dispels all fear,
And for ever from their eyes
GOD shall wipe away the tear.

James Montgomery, 1819.

PLEASANT are Thy courts ab
In the land of light and lov
Pleasant are Thy courts below
In this land of sin and woe.
Oh, my spirit longs and faints
For the converse of Thy saints,
For the brightness of Thy face,
For Thy fulness, GOD of grace !

Happy birds that sing and fly ·
Round Thy altars, O Most High
Happier souls that find a rest
In a heavenly FATHER'S breast !
Like the wandering dove, that fc
No repose on earth around,
They can to their ark repair,
And enjoy it ever there.

Happy souls ! their praises flow
Even in this vale of woe ;
Waters in the desert rise,
Manna feeds them from the ski
On they go from strength to sti

S. JOHN BAPTIST'S DAY.

Sun and Shield alike Thou art ;
Guide and guard my erring heart !
Grace and glory flow from Thee ;
Shower, oh shower them, LORD, on me !

Henry Francis Lyte, 1834.

S. John Baptist's Day.

158 “*The voice of him that crieth in the wilderness.*”
THE EPISTLE.

ON Jordan's bank the Baptist's cry
Proclaims MESSIAH to be nigh :
Awake ! and hearken, for He brings
Glad tidings from the King of kings.

Now cleansed be every breast from sin ;
Make straight the way for GOD within ;
Prepare we in our hearts a home
To which the Mighty Guest may come.

For Thou art our salvation, LORD,
Our Guardian, and our great Reward :
Oh dwell with us through life's brief day
And guide us on our heavenward way.

From all that dwell below the skies
Let the CREATOR'S praise arise ;
Let the REDEEMER'S Name be sung
Through every land, by every tongue.

Eternal are Thy mercies, LORD,
Eternal truth attends Thy word ;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

*Variation from J. Chandler, 1837. Doxology by
Isaac Watts, 1709.*

(159)

LET all on earth with songs rejoice
Let heaven return the exulting
Let heaven and earth together raise
The great Apostle's glorious praise.

Thou, at Whose word he spread the
Of Heavenly Truth o'er Salem's nigh
Light of the world for evermore,
His light, O LORD, around us pour.

Thou, at Whose will to him 'twas given
To bind or loose in earth or heaven
Our chains unbind, our sins remove,
And lift our souls to things above.

Thou, in Whose might he spake the
Which cured disease and health restored
To us its healing power prolong,
Support the weak, confirm the strong.

And when Thou, LORD, again shalt

S. JAMES THE APOSTLE.

S. James the Apostle.

160 “*It shall be given to them for whom it is prepared.*”—THE GOSPEL.

HOW bright these glorious spirits shine !
Whence all their white array ?

How came they to the radiant land
Of everlasting day ?

Lo, these are they from sufferings great
Who came to realms of light :
And in the Blood of CHRIST have washed
Those robes which shine so bright.

Now with triumphal palms they stand
Before the Throne on high,
And sing the praises of their GOD
To heaven-born minstrelsy.

The LAMB, Who reigns upon the Throne,
Shall o'er them still preside ;
Feed them with bread of life divine,
And all their footsteps guide.

'Mid pastures green He'll lead His flock,
Where living streams appear ;
And GOD the LORD from every eye
Shall wipe away each tear.

To FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,
The GOD Whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

Variation from Wm. Cameron, 1770, from Isaac Watts, 1709.

SEE, the ransomed millions stand,
Palms of conquest in their hand
This before the Throne their strain :
“ Hell is vanquished ; death is slain ;
Blessing, honour, glory, might,
Are the Conqueror’s native right ;
Thrones and Powers before Him fall
LAMB of GOD, and LORD of all !”

Hasten, LORD ! the promised hour ;
Come in glory and in power ;
Still Thy foes are unsubdued ;
Nature sighs to be renewed :
Time has nearly reached its sum,
All things with Thy Bride say, Con-
tinue Whom all worlds adore,

S. MATTHEW THE APOSTLE.

S. Matthew the Apostle.

162 “*And he arose and followed Him.*”—THE GOSPEL.

WHO are these like stars appearing,
These, before GOD’S Throne who stand?
Each a golden crown is wearing,
Who are all this glorious band?
Hallelujah ! hark they sing,
Praising loud their heavenly King.

Who are these in dazzling brightness,
Clothed in GOD’S own righteousness,
These, whose robes of purest whiteness
Shall their lustre still possess,
Still untouched by time’s rude hand,—
Whence comes all this glorious band?

These are they who have contended
For their SAVIOUR’s honour long,
Wrestling on till life was ended,
Following not the sinful throng ;
These, who well the fight sustained,
Triumph by the LAMB have gained.

These are they whose hearts were riven,
Sore with woe and anguish tried,
Who in prayer full oft have striven
With the GOD they glorified ;
Now, their painful conflict o’er,
GOD has bid them weep no more.

These, the ALMIGHTY contemplating,
Did as priests before Him stand,
Soul and body always waiting
Day and night at His command :
Now in GOD’S Most Holy Place
Blest they stand before His face.

F. E. Co.

THEY come, GOD'S messengers of
They come from realms of peace
From homes of never fading light,
From blissful mansions ever bright.

They come to watch around us here
To soothe our sorrow, calm our fear
Ye heavenly guides, speed not away
GOD willeth you with us to stay.

But chiefly at its journey's end,
'Tis yours the spirit to befriend,
And whisper to the willing heart,
"O Christian soul, in peace depart."

Blest JESU, Thou Whose groans and
Have sanctified frail nature's fears,
To earth in bitter sorrow weighed,
Thou didst not scorn Thine angel's

An angel-guard to us supply,
When on the bed of death we lie ;
And by Thine own Almighty power

S. LUKE THE EVANGELIST.

S. Luke the Evangelist.

164 *"Only Luke is with me."*—THE EPISTLE.

FOR Thy blest saint, O LORD,
Who strove in Thee to live,
Who followed Thee, obeyed, adored,
Our grateful hymn receive.

For Thy blest saint, O LORD,
Who strove in Thee to die,
And found in death the full reward
Of life with Thee on high :

For him Thy Name we bless,
And humbly pray that we
May follow those in holiness,
Who lived and died for Thee.

To FATHER, SPIRIT, SON,
Whom angel-hosts adore,
Give worship, honour, glory, power,
Both now and evermore.

Variation from Bishop Mant, by W. J. H., 1863.

persecute you."—THE

SAINTS of GOD, whom fa-
In the Twelve Apostles'
Who for CHRIST in pain deli-
Who are now at CHRIST'S
Ye had many a bitter trial,
Ye were scorned and set at
Fearing nothing but denial
Of the LORD for Whom ye

Called on earth to different sta-
In the battle of the LORD,
Ye went on through tribulations
Faith your shield, and truth
Far apart, through toil and peri-
Passed ye onward to your res-
In the streets of gold and beryl
Now together ye are blest.

Leaves of autumn tell the story,
How our lives must also pass
And that this world's pomp and
Fadeth like the —

ALL SAINTS' DAY.

We, as we are onward pressing
To His glorious home on high,
With His saints and angels blessing,
Now and ever magnify.

J. M. Neale, 1861.

All Saints' Day.

166 “*A great multitude, which no man could number.*”
THE EPISTLE.

HARK ! the sound of holy voices
Chanting at the crystal sea,
Hallelujah ! Hallelujah !
Hallelujah ! LORD, to Thee ;
Multitude, which none can number,
Like the stars in glory stands,
Clothed in white apparel, holding
Palms of victory in their hands.

Patriarch, and holy Prophet,
Who prepared the way of CHRIST,
King, Apostle, Saint, Confessor,
Martyr, and Evangelist,
Saintly Maiden, godly Matron,
Widows who have watched to prayer,
Joined in holy concert, singing
To the LORD of all, are there.

They have come from tribulation,
And have washed their robes in blood,
Washed them in the Blood of JESUS ;
Tried they were, and firm they stood :

They have won
By the might of CHRIST.

Marching with Thy Cross their standard,
They have triumphed following
Thee, the Captain of salvation,
Thee, their SAVIOUR and their
Gladly, LORD, with Thee they sing,
Gladly, LORD, with Thee they sing,
And by death to life immortal
They were born and glorified.

Now they reign in heavenly glory,
Now they walk in golden light,
Now they drink, as from a river,
Holy bliss and infinite;
Love and peace they taste for ever,
And all truth and knowledge
In the Beatific Vision
Of the Blessed Trinity.

GOD of GOD, the One-Begotten,
Light of Light, EMMANUEL
joined together

HOLY COMMUNION.

Holy Communion.

167 *"Lord, evermore give us this Bread."*

O GOD, unseen, yet ever near,
 Thy presence may we feel ;
And, thus inspired with holy fear,
 Before Thine Altar kneel.

Here may Thy faithful people know
 The blessings of Thy love ;
The streams that through the desert flow,
 The manna from above.

We come, obedient to Thy Word,
 To feast on heavenly food ;
Our meat, the Body of the LORD ;
 Our drink, His precious Blood.

Thus may we all Thy words obey ;
 For we, O GOD, are Thine ;
And go rejoicing on our way,
 Renewed with strength divine.

To FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,
 One Consubstantial Three,
All highest praise, all humblest thanks,
 Now and for ever be.

Edward Osler, from Hall's Hymnal, 1836.

And in Whose death our sins are
Look on the heart by sorrow broken
Look on the tears by sinners shed
And be Thy feast to us the token
That by Thy grace our souls are

Bishop

169

"I am the Living Bread."

THEE we adore, O hidden SAVIOUR
Who in Thy Sacrament art plea
Both flesh and spirit in Thy presence
Yet here Thy presence we devoutly have
O blest memorial of our dying LORD,
Who living Bread to men doth here appear
Oh may our souls for ever feed on Thee
And Thou, O CHRIST, for ever precious be
O Fount of goodness ! JESU, LORD and King
Cleanse us unclean with Thy most precious Blood !
Increase our faith and love, that we may

HOLY COMMUNION.

70 “*My Flesh is meat indeed, and My Blood is drink indeed.*”

MY GOD, and is Thy table spread,
And doth Thy cup with love o'erflow?
Thither be all Thy children led,
And let them all Thy goodness know.

Hail, sacred Feast, which JESUS makes,
Rich banquet of His Flesh and Blood!
Thrice happy he who here partakes
That sacred stream, that heavenly food.

Why are its bounties all in vain
Before unwilling hearts displayed?
Was not for you the Victim slain?
Are you forbid the children's bread?

Oh let Thy table honoured be,
And furnished well with joyful guests;
And may each soul salvation see
That here its sacred pledges tastes.

To FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,
The GOD Whom heaven and earth adore,
From men and from the angel-host
Be praise and glory evermore.

P. Doddridge, 1755.

And show the death of our dear LOR
Until He come.

His Body broken in our stead,
Is here, in this Memorial Bread—
And so our feeble love is fed,
Until He come.

His fearful drops of agony,
His life-blood shed for us we see—
The wine shall tell the mystery,
Until He come.

And thus that dark betrayal-night,
With the last Advent we unite—
The shame, the glory, by this rite,
Until He come.

Until the trump of GOD be heard,
Until the ancient graves be stirred,
And with the great commanding wor
The LORD shall come.

- - - - -

HOLY COMMUNION.

2 “*To know the love of Christ which passeth knowledge.*”

JESU, to Thy table led,
Now let every heart be fed
With the true and living Bread.

While in penitence we kneel,
Thy sweet Presence let us feel ;
All Thy wondrous love reveal.

While on Thy dear Cross we gaze,
Mourning o'er our sinful ways,
Turn our sadness into praise.

Draw us to Thy wounded side,
Whence there flowed the healing tide ;
There our sins and sorrows hide.

From the bonds of sin release,
Cold and wavering faith increase,
LAMB of GOD, grant us Thy peace.

Lead us by Thy piercèd hand,
Till around Thy Throne we stand,
In the bright and better land.

Rev. R. H. Baynes, 1863.

Poured for me the life-blood
From His sacred veins.

Grace and life eternal
In that Blood I find;
Blest be His compassion,
Infinitely kind.

Blest through endless ages
Be the precious stream,
Which from endless torment
Doth the world redeem.

There the fainting spirit
Drinks of life her fill;
There, as in a fountain,
Saves herself at will.

Abel's blood for vengeance
Pleaded to the skies;
But the Blood of JESUS
For our pardon cries.

Oft as it is sprinkled

HOLY COMMUNION.

Lift ye, then, your voices ;
Swell the mighty flood ;
Louder still and louder,
Praise the precious Blood.

Rev. E. Caswall, 1863

174 "*He brought me to the banqueting house, and His banner over me was love.*"

JESU, we thus obey
Thy last and kindest word,
And in Thine own appointed way
We come to meet Thee, LORD.

Thus we remember Thee,
And take this bread and wine,
As Thine own dying legacy,
And our redemption's sign.

Thy presence makes the feast ;
Now let our spirits feel
The glory not to be exprest,
The joy unspeakable.

With high and heavenly bliss
Thou dost our spirit cheer ;
Thy house of banqueting is this,
And Thou hast brought us here.

Now let our souls be fed
With manna from above,
And over us Thy banner spread
Of everlasting love.

Rev. R. H. Baynes. From the Lyra Eucharistica, 1863.

BAPTISM.

ken that thou too shalt tread
The path He travelled by,
Bear the cross, despise the shame,
And sit thee down on high ;

us, outwardly and visibly,
We seal thee for His own :
And may the brow that wears His cross
Hereafter share His crown !

Henry Alford,

" Except a man be born of water and of the Spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God."

LORD, may the inward grace abound,
Through Thine appointed outward sign,
A milder seal than Abraham found,
Of cov'nant blessings more divine ;
Which opens glory to our view,
Beyond the brightest hope he knew.

Type of the SPIRIT'S living flow,
With we pour the hallowed stream ;
Upon the brow,
Him

CONFIRMATION.

Confirmation.

179 “*Then laid they their hands on them, and received the Holy Ghost.*”

O H come, CREATOR SPIRIT ! come,
Vouchsafe to make our minds Thy h
And with Thy heavenly grace fulfil
The hearts Thou madest at Thy will.

Thou that art named the Paraclete,
The gift of GOD, His SPIRIT sweet ;
The living fountain, fire, and love,
And gracious unction from above,

Kindle our senses with Thy light,
And lead our hearts to love aright :
Stablish our weakness, and refresh
With fortitude our fainting flesh.

Repel far off our deadly foe,
And peace on us, Good LORD, bestow ;
With Thee for Guide we need not fear,
For where Thou art, ill comes not near.

By Thee the FATHER let us bless,
By Thee th' Eternal SON confess,
And Thee Thyself for evermore,
The SPIRIT of Them Both, adore.

F. W. Faber.

CONFIRMATION.

O "Thou, therefore, endure hardness, as a soldier of Jesus Christ."

Go forward, Christian soldier,
Beneath His banner true !
The LORD Himself, thy Leader,
Shall all thy foes subdue.
His love foretells thy trials ;
He knows thine hourly need ;
He can, with Bread of Heaven,
Thy fainting spirit feed.
Go forward, Christian soldier !
Fear not the secret foe ;
Far more are o'er thee watching
Than human eyes can know !
Trust only CHRIST, thy Captain ;
Cease not to watch and pray ;
Heed not the treach'rous voices
That lure thy soul astray.
Go forward, Christian soldier !
Nor dream of peaceful rest,
Till Satan's host is vanquished,
And Heaven is all possest :



HOLY MATRIMONY.

Holy Matrimony.

181 "Therefore shall a man leave his father and his mother, and shall cleave unto his wife."

THE voice that breathed o'er Eden,
That earliest wedding day,
The primal marriage blessing,
It hath not passed away.

Still in the pure espousal
Of Christian man and maid,
The Holy Three are with us,
The threefold grace is said :

For dower of blessed children,
For love and faith's sweet sake,
For high mysterious union
Which naught on earth may break.

Be present, awful FATHER,
To give away this bride,
As Eve Thou gav'st to Adam
Out of his own pierced side !

Be present, SON of Mary,
To join their loving hands,
As Thou didst bind two natures
In Thine eternal bands !

Be present, Holiest SPIRIT,
To bless them as they kneel ;
As Thou, for CHRIST the Bridegroom,
The heavenly spouse dost seal !

Oh spread Thy pure wing o'er them !
Let no ill power find place,
When onward to Thine altar
The hallowed path they trace,

182

"Jesus was called and His marriage."

O FATHER, Who to Adam
Didst his lost help restore,
Bless Thou this bridegroom a
This day, for evermore.

O SON, the everlasting Spouse,
At Cana's board a Guest ;
This day by Thee these bridegrooms
Be sanctified and blest.

SPIRIT of truth and holiness,
Of sweet and fond accord
Make Thou these twain, whom
One spirit in the LORD.

BURIAL OF THE DEAD.

Burial of the Dead.

183 “*Them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him.*”

HEAR what the voice from heaven proclaims

Of all the faithful dead !

Sweet is the savour of their names,
And soft their sleeping bed.

They die in JESUS, and are blest ;
His love dispels their gloom :

How calm and peaceful is their rest
Within their hallowed tomb !

Far from this world of toil and strife,
They're present with the LORD :

The labours of their mortal life
End in a large reward.

To FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,
Be praise and glory given,
Till we, with Thy redeemed host,
Meet, ne'er to part, in heaven.

Isaac Watts, 1719. Varied.

184 “*Not dead, but sleepeth.*”

BROTHER, thou art gone before us ; and thy saintly soul is flown
Where tears are wiped from every eye, and sorrow is unknown ;
From the burden of the flesh, and from care and fear released,
Where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.

But ~~can~~
reach His blest abode.
Thou'rt sleeping now, like Lazarus
Father's breast,
Where the wicked cease from troubl
weary are at rest.

Sin can never taint thee now, nor
faith assail,
Nor thy meek trust in JESUS CHR
HOLY SPIRIT fail:
And there thou'rt sure to meet the
on earth thou lovedst best,
Where the wicked cease from troubl
weary are at rest.

"Earth to earth, and dust to dust,"
priest hath said;
So we lay the turf above thee now
thy narrow bed;
But thy spirit, brother, soars awa
faithful blest,
Where the wicked cease from trou
are at rest.



MISSIONS.

Missions.

185 *"And God said, Let there be light."*

THOU, Whose almighty Word
 Chaos and darkness heard,
 And took their flight,
Hear us, we humbly pray ;
And, where the Gospel-day
Sheds not its glorious ray,
 "Let there be light !"

Thou, Who didst come to bring,
On Thy redeeming wing,
 Healing and light,
Health to the sick in mind,
Sight to the inly blind,
Oh, now to all mankind
 "Let there be light !"

SPIRIT of truth and love,
Life-giving, holy Dove,
 Speed forth Thy flight !
Move on the waters' face,
Bearing the lamp of grace,
And in earth's darkest place
 "Let there be light !"

Blessed and Holy THREE
Glorious TRINITY,
 Wisdom, Love, Might !
Boundless as ocean's tide,
Rolling in fullest pride,
Through the world, far and wide,
 "Let there be light !"

John Marriott, 1816.

From India's co
Where Afric's sunny i
 Roll down their gol
From many an ancier
 From many a palm:
They call us to delive
 Their land from err
What though the spic
 Blow soft o'er Ceylo
Though every prospec
 And only man is vil
In vain with lavish ki
 The gifts of GOD ar
The heathen in his bli
 Bows down to wood
Can we, whose souls a
 With wisdom from o
Can we to men benign
 The lamp of life den
Salvation ! O salvation
 The joyful sound prc
Till each remotest nati

CHURCH DEDICATION.

Church Dedication.

187 “*Solomon began to build the House of the Lord.*”

LORD of Hosts ! to Thee we raise
Here a house of prayer and praise ;
Thou Thy people’s hearts prepare
Here to meet for praise and prayer.

Let the living here be fed
With Thy Word, the heavenly bread ;
Here, in hope of glory blest,
May the dead be laid to rest !

Here to Thee a temple stand
While the sea shall gird the land !
Here reveal Thy mercy sure,
While the sun and moon endure !

Hallelujah ! earth and sky
To the joyful sound reply !
Hallelujah ! hence ascend
Prayer and praise till time shall end !

Glory to the FATHER be,
Glory, only SON, to Thee ;
And, of equal power confess,
Glory to the SPIRIT blest.

James Montgomery, 1825.

CHRISt is our Corner-stone
On Him alone we build,
With His true saints alone
The courts of heaven are filled.
On His great love
Our hopes we place
Of present grace
And joys above.

Oh then with hymns of praise
These hallowed courts shall fill,
Our voices we will raise
The THREE in ONE to sing,
And thus proclaim
In joyful song
Both loud and long
That glorious Name.

Here, gracious GOD, do Thou
For evermore draw nigh:
Accept each faithful vow,
And mark each suppliant sigh.

HARVEST THANKSGIVING.

Until that day
When all the blest
To endless rest
Are called away !

John Chandler, 1837.

Harvest Thanksgiving.

189 *"The harvest truly is plenteous."*

LORD of the harvest ! Thee we hail ;
Thine ancient promise doth not fail ;
The varying seasons haste their round,
With goodness all our years are crowned ;
 Our thanks we pay,
 This holy day ;
Oh, let our hearts in tune be found !

If Spring doth wake the song of mirth,
If Summer warms the fruitful earth,
When Winter sweeps the naked plain,
Or Autumn yields its ripened grain,—
 Still do we sing
 To Thee, our King ;
Through all their changes Thou dost reign.

But chiefly when Thy liberal hand
Scatters new plenty o'er the land,
When sounds of music fill the air,
As homeward all their treasures bear ;
 We too will raise
 Our hymns of praise,
For we Thy common bounties share.

New, every year,
Thy gifts appear,
New praises from our lips shall sing
John Hampden

190 “*He reserveth unto us the appointed harvest.*”

FATHER of mercies, GOD of love,
Whose gifts all creatures share,
The rolling seasons as they move
Proclaim Thy constant care.

When in the bosom of the earth
The sower hid the grain,
Thy goodness marked its secret birth,
And sent the early rain.

The spring's sweet influence, LORD,
The seasons knew Thy call;
Thou mad'st the summer sun to stand,
The summer dews to fall.

HARVEST THANKSGIVING.

To FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,
The GOD Whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

Variation from Anne Flowerdew, 1811.

191

"Is it not wheat harvest to-day?"

L ORD of the harvest ! once again
We thank Thee for the ripened grain ;
For crops safe carried, sent to cheer
Thy servants through another year ;
For all sweet holy thoughts supplied
By seed-time, and by harvest-tide.

The bare dead grain, in autumn sown,
Its robe of vernal green puts on ;
Glad from its wintry grave it springs,
Fresh garnished by the King of kings :
So, LORD, to those who sleep in Thee
Shall new and glorious bodies be.

Nor vainly of Thy Word we ask
A lesson from the reaper's task ;
So shall Thine angels issue forth ;
The tares be burnt ; the just of earth,
Playthings of sun and storm no more,
Be gathered to their FATHER'S store.

Daily, O LORD, our prayers be said,
As Thou hast taught, for daily bread ;
But not alone our bodies feed ;
Supply our fainting spirits' need !
O Bread of Life ! from day to day,
Be Thou their Comfort, Food, and Stay !

Joseph Anstice, 1836.

HARVEST THANKSGIVING.

"While the earth remaineth, seed-time and harvest . . . shall not cease."

O PRAISE to GOD, immortal praise
For the love that crowns our days
Bounteous Source of every joy,
Let Thy praise our tongues employ !

Or the blessings of the field ;
Or the stores the gardens yield ;
Or the joy which harvests bring ;
Grateful praises now we sing.

Clouds that drop refreshing dews ;
Suns that genial heat diffuse ;
Flocks that whiten all the plain ;
Yellow sheaves of ripened grain :

All that Spring, with bounteous hand,
Scatters o'er the smiling land ;
All that liberal Autumn pours
From her overflowing stores :

THE OLD YEAR.

The Old Year.

193 “*We bring our years to an end as it were a tale
that is told.*”

O LORD, and yet another year
Hath sped its flight on silent wing,
And all that marked its brief career
Hath passed from mortal reckoning.

But graven as with iron pen,
All-seeing GOD, Thy records stand ;
All thoughts, and words, and deeds of men,
Unnumbered as the ocean sand.

For all Thy grace and patient love,
Unwearied still, and still the same,
For all our hopes of joys above,
We laud and bless Thy holy Name.

We bless Thee for each happy soul
Throughout another fleeting year,
Or by Thy quickening grace made whole,
Or parted in Thy faith and fear.

Still bear with us, and bless us still,
And long as in this world we stay,
Oh, let us love Thy perfect will,
And keep the true and living way.

So, when the rolling stream of time
Hath opened to a boundless sea,
Loud shall we raise that song sublime—
All honour, glory, praise to Thee !

Anon., 1873.

(193)

x u u w w w u u y..

HARP, awake ! tell out the
 Of our love and joy an
Lute, awake ! awake our glory
 Join a thankful song to rai:
Join we, brethren faithful-hea:
 Lift the solemn voice again
O'er another year departed
 Of our threescore years and

Lo ! a theme for deepest sad:
 In ourselves with sin defile
Lo ! a theme for holiest glad:
 In our FATHER reconciled
In the dust we bend before
 LORD of sinless hosts abov:
Yet in lowliest joy adore Th:
 GOD of mercy, grace, and

Gracious SAVIOUR ! Thou ha:
 And hast blest our mortal
And in our weak hearts has:
 What Thy grace alone be:

FOR SCHOOLS.

Storms are round us, hearts are quailing,
Signs in heaven and earth and sea ;
But, when heaven and earth are failing,
SAVIOUR ! we will trust in Thee !

Henry Downton, 1851.

For Schools.

195 “*Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings Thou hast perfected praise.*”

ALL glory, laud, and honour
To Thee, REDEEMER, King !

To Whom the lips of children
Made sweet hosannas ring.

Thou art the King of Israel,
Thou David’s Royal SON,
Who in the LORD’s Name comest,
The King and Blessed One.

All glory, &c.

The companies of angels
Are praising Thee on high,
And mortal men, and all things
Created make reply.

All glory, &c.

The people of the Hebrews
With palms before Thee went ;
Our praise and prayer and anthems
Before Thee we present.

All glory, &c.

To Thee before Thy Passion
They sang their hymns of praise ;
To Thee, now high exalted,
Our melody we raise.

All glory, &c.

All g]

*F. M. Neale, from S. Theodulph.
Messns. Novello & Co.*

196 “*The child Samuel ministered*”

GOD of mercy, throned o
Listen from Thy lofty
Hear, oh hear our feeble cri-
Guide, oh guide our wander-

Young and erring travellers,
All our dangers do not know
Scarcely fear the stormy sea
Hardly feel the tempest blow

JESUS, Lover of the young,
Cleanse us with Thy Blood
Ere the tide of sin grow stro-
Save us, keep us, make us]

NATIONAL THANKSGIVING.

SAVIOUR, give us faith, and pour
Hope and love on every soul !
Hope, till time shall be no more !
Love, while endless ages roll !

Anon., 183.

National Thanksgiving.

197 “*His merciful kindness is ever more and more towards us.*”

L ORD of heaven, and earth, and ocean,
Hear us from Thy bright abode ;
While our hearts, with deep devotion,
Own their great and gracious GOD :
Now with joy we come before Thee ;
Countless have Thy mercies been ;
L ORD of life, and strength, and glory,
Guard Thy Church, and guide our Queen.
Thee, with humble adoration,
L ORD, we praise for mercies past ;
Strength of this most favoured nation,
May Thy mercies ever last !
May our sons appear before Thee,
In Thy Church Thy love be seen !
L ORD of life, and light, and glory,
Bless Thy people,—bless our Queen.
Worship, honour, glory, blessing,
L ORD, we offer to Thy name ;
Young and old, Thy praise expressing,
Join their SAVIOUR to proclaim.
As the saints in heaven adore Thee,
We would bow before Thy Throne ;
As Thine angels serve before Thee,
So on earth Thy will be done.

John Crosse. Doxology by E. Osler, 18

198 “*Hear Thou in heaven when Thou hearest, forgive.*”

GREAT King of nations, hear our
While at Thy feet we fall,
And, humbly with united cry,
To Thee for mercy call.

The guilt is ours, but grace is Thine
Oh turn us not away,
But hear us from Thy lofty Throne,
And help us when we pray.

Our fathers' sins were manifold,
And ours no less we own,
Yet wondrously from age to age
Thy goodness hath been shown.

When dangers, like a stormy sea,
Beset our country round,
To Thee we looked, to Thee we cr
And help in Thee was found.

— — — — — consent we meekly bow

METRICAL LITANY.

Metrical Litany.

199 “*By the obedience of One shall many be made righteous.*”

GOD the FATHER ! hear and pardon ;
GOD the SON ! my SAVIOUR be ;
GOD the HOLY SPIRIT ! comfort ;
TRIUNE GOD ! deliver me.

Not my sins, O LORD, remember,
Nor Thine own Avenger be ;
But for Thy great tender mercies,
SAVIOUR GOD ! deliver me.

By Thy holy incarnation,
By its awful mystery,
By Thy birth and circumcision,
SAVIOUR GOD ! deliver me.

By Thy baptism in the Jordan,
When the Dove came down on Thee,
By Thy fasting and temptation,
SAVIOUR GOD ! deliver me.

By Thy Cross, and by Thy passion,
Bloody sweat and agony,
By Thy precious death and burial,
SAVIOUR GOD ! deliver me.

By Thy glorious resurrection,
Thine ascent to be my plea,
By the HOLY SPIRIT'S coming,
SAVIOUR GOD ! deliver me.

In all time of tribulation,
In the world's prosperity,
At my death, and in Thy judgment,
SAVIOUR GOD ! deliver me.

Dr. Monsell, 1870.

I Hear a lowly suppliant in
Yea, though wrath be all my in
Break not Thou the bruised ree
Let the bitter agony
Of my JESUS plead for me.
Hear ! by Him Who, bowing lo
'Neath our sins' o'erwhelming w
His soul's blood in anguish pou
Lo ! those drops on high are st
Let the bitter agony
Of my JESUS groan for me.
In that flood my soul embathe,
In that love my spirit swathe ;
Bid that shower of bleeding te
Thrill my heart through livelor
Let the bitter agony
Of my JESUS weep for me.
Give me, from that fount of ir
Grace to brave the powers of
With a child's reposing faith
Thine to be in life or death :
Let the bitter agony

PROCESSIONAL HYMN.

Processional Hymn.

201 “*Speak unto the children of Israel, that they go forward.*”

“ FORWARD !” said the prophet,
Pointing to the sea,
“ March ye royal people,
Through it fearlessly.
What though foes are gathering,
Darkening all the plain ?
GOD’s right arm extended
Shall their force restrain.
Roll back, rushing waters,
Part, thou angry sea,
That I may gain the blessed land
My GOD hath promised me.

“ What though broad before you
Spreads a tossing tide ?
GOD is strong and mighty,
The waters to divide.
With my staff uplifted
Forward see me go.
Back ! ye hungry billows,
Let the people through.—Roll back, &c.

“ March, GOD’s chosen people,
Over doubt and dread,
Difficulties vanish
Where ye fearless tread.
Only step out boldly,
Looking far away
From the black sea-bottom
To the breaking day.—Roll back, &c.

KING . . . before now, faint-hearted,
Lift ye in your GOD ;
Upon your leader
With up-lifted rod !—Roll back, &c.

On shall all be gathered
In the further shore ;
Is this day that threaten
We shall see no more ;
Looking back shall wonder
What ye had to fear ;
Looking up shall marvel
That ye doubted e'er.

Strike the sounding timbrel,
By the placid sea ;
And shout to GOD as thunder
The song of victory !”

Rev. S. Baring Gould, 1874

Processional Hymn.

“ . . . Lord will do wonders among you.”

PROCESSIONAL HYMN.

At the sign of triumph,
Satan's armies flee :
On, then, Christian soldiers,
On to victory.
Hell's foundations quiver
At the shout of praise ;
Brothers, lift your voices,
Loud your anthems raise.—Onward, &c.

Like a mighty army,
Moves the Church of GOD :
Brothers, we are treading
Where the saints have trod.
We are not divided,
All one body we,
One in hope, in doctrine,
One in charity.—Onward, &c.

What the saints established
That we hold for true :
What the saints believèd
That believe we too.
Long as earth endureth
Men that faith will hold—
Kingdoms, nations, empires,
In destruction rolled.—Onward, &c.

Crowns and thrones may perish,
Kingdoms rise and wane,
But the Church of JESUS
Constant will remain.
Gates of hell can never
'Gainst that Church prevail :
We have CHRIST'S own promise,
And that cannot fail.—Onward, &c.

— Unto CHRIST the King :
This, through countless ages,
Men and angels sing.—Onward, &
Rev. S. Baring Gould, i



INDEX OF FIRST LINES OF HYMNS.

HYMN	HYMN
Abide with me..... 2	For ever with the Lord..... 51
A few more years shall roll.... 147	Forward ! said the prophet .. 201
All glory, laud, and honour.. 195	For Thy blest saint, O Lord 164
All hail the power of Jesus'.. 91	Forth from the dark and 176
Almighty God, Thy piercing 59	Fount of all good, to own .. 100
Almighty God, Thy word is.. 50	From Greenland's icy 186
And am I only born to die?.. 126	
Angels from the realms of.... 25	Glorious things of thee are ... 116
Awake, my soul, and with the 5	Glory be to Jesus 173
Awake ! awake ! O Zion 45	Glory to Thee, my God, this 6
Be thou faithful unto death.. 151	God of mercy, throned on.... 196
Blest are the pure in heart .. 119	God the Father ! hear and.. 199
Bound upon the accursed tree 71	God, Who madest earth and 4
Bread of the world, in mercy 168	Go forward, Christian soldier 180
Brightest and best of the sons 34	Go to dark Gethsemane..... 67
Brother, thou art gone before 184	Great God, what do I see.... 18
By Christ redeemed, in Christ 171	Great King of nations, hear... 198
Christ is our Corner-stone .. 188	Great is the Lord our God .. 118
Christ is risen from the dead 77	Guide us, O Thou great 81
Come, Holy Ghost, our souls 93	
Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly 86	Hail the day that sees Him.. 90
Come let us join our cheerful 92	Hail, thou bright and sacred 11
Come, O Saviour, long 20	Hail, Thou Source of every.. 40
Come to Bethlehem and see.. 26	Hail to the Lord's Anointed.. 42
Creator Spirit ! by Whose aid 85	Hallelujah ! Hallelujah ! 79
Day of Judgment ! day of .. 143	Hark ! the glad sound, the ... 16
Day of wrath ! O dreadful .. 21	Hark ! the herald-angels sing 24
Dread Jehovah, God of..... 131	Hark ! the sound of holy 166
Earth to earth and dust to .. 74	Hark ! the voice of love 72
Far from my heavenly home 130	Harp awake ! tell out the.... 194
Far from these narrow scenes 80	Have mercy, Lord, on me .. 120
Father of all, Whose 97	Hear my prayer, O heavenly 8
Father of Love, our Guide .. 56	Hear what God the Lord 38
Father of mercies, God of.... 190	Hear what the voice from.... 183
Father of mercies, hear ! 54	High let us swell our tuneful.. 31
Father, whate'er of earthly.. 120	Holy Father, from Thy throne 200
	Holy Ghost, my soul inspire.. 52
	Holy, holy, holy, Lord God.. 98
	Hosanna ! raise the pealing.. 37
	Hosanna to the living Lord.. 15
	How bright those glorious .. 46

Jehovah hath spoken.....	146	O Lord, and y
Jerusalem, my happy home..	105	O Lord, turn n
Jerusalem, my happy home..	153	O Sion, open w
Jesu, to Thy table led	172	O Spirit of the
Jesu, we thus obey.....	174	O soul of Jesus
Jesus Christ is risen to-day ..	76	O Thou, from
Jesus, full of love divine	84	O Thou, the c
Jesus, Refuge of my soul	136	O Thou, Whos
Joy of joys ! He lives, He ..	78	O timely happ
		Oft in danger,
Let all on earth with songs ..	159	Oh, come, all j
Let me be with Thee, where	129	Oh, come bene
Light of the lonely pilgrim's	36	Oh, come, Cre
Lo ! He comes with clouds ..	17	Oh for a closer
Lo ! round the throne a	149	Oh, help us, L
Lord, again we meet before..	7	Oh, where shal
Lord God, the Holy Ghost ..	107	Oh, who are th
Lord, in this Thy mercy's day	117	On Jordan's ba
Lord Jesu, when we stand ..	127	Onward, Chris
Lord, may the inward grace	178	Our blest Rede
Lord of hosts, to Thee we raise	187	
Lord of my life, Whose tender	12	Palms of glory,
Lord of mercy and of might..	22	Pleasant are Th
Lord of the worlds above....	1	Praise, my sou
Lord, pour Thy Spirit from..	122	Praise the Lor
Lord, when we bend before..	145	Praise to God, i
Lord of the harvest ! Thee ..	189	Put thou thy tr
Lord of the harvest, once....	191	
Lord of heaven, of earth, and	197	
Maker of all things, mighty..	41	Rejoice ! the]
		Return, O wan
		Ride on ! ride

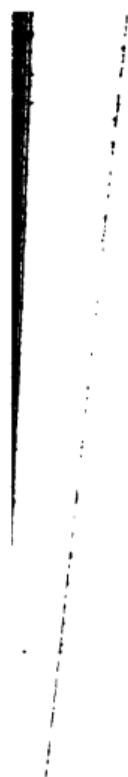
INDEX OF FIRST LINES.

HYMN

The angel comes ! he comes 144
The Church's One Foundation 132
The day of wrath, that 19
The God of Abraham praise.. 64
The king was on his throne.. 140
The last loud trumpet's..... 44
The Lord of might from 121
The Lord my pasture shall .. 112
The roseate hues of early.... 106
The Son of God goes forth to 27
The spacious firmament on .. 47
The voice that breathed o'er 181
The year begins with Thee .. 33
Thee we adore..... 169
There is a blessed home 28
There is a land of pure delight 48
There is a land of rest 155
They come, God's messengers 163
Thine arm, O Lord, in days.. 135
Thine for ever, God of love.. 134

H

Thou art gone up on high ..
Thou art the Way, by Thee..
Thou hidden love of God....
Thou Judge of quick and dead
Thou, Whose Almighty Word
Through the day Thy love ..
Uplift the blood-red banner..
Virgin-born ! we bow before
Weary of earth and laden....
What are these in bright
When at Thy footstool, Lord
When gathering clouds.....
When God of old came down
When I survey the wondrous
When our heads are bowed..
While shepherds watched their
While Thee I seek, protecting
Who are these like stars



1



